

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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Lord Wolseley.



THE KING AND HIS IMPERIAL KNIGHTS: HIS MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

On June 12 the King and the Prince of Wales were present at St. Paul's Cathedral at the dedication of the new chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. During the service his Majesty, as Sovereign of the Order, occupied his throne. The dedication prayer was said by the Bishop of London.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

JOURNALISTS, who are the priests of the modern world, and infallible (I need hardly say) on faith and morals, appear to be gravely divided about the ethical value of the conduct of the Spanish Republican journalist Señor Nakens, who promised protection to the murderer Moral and kept that promise after he had discovered him to be a murderer. There is one rather odd point about the affair which might be considered at least a curiosity of literature.

When learned people discuss whether such and such a tale is fabulous or historical, they always seem to omit one possibility; it is quite possible that it may be at once fabulous and historical. It may occur to one man in one place to invent it; afterwards it may occur to another man in another place to do it. William Tell and the apple, King Canute and the sea, Sir Walter Raleigh and the cloak, may all have been quite true—after they were false. In one year the thing may have appeared as a lie. In the next year it may have appeared as a bet. It is not merely true that things start as truths and turn into legends; it is also possible that things start as legends and turn into truths. Of this obvious possibility I heard an example only yesterday. A Don at Oxford told me that for fifteen years there had been a joke in the College, an entirely fictitious story to the effect that the Master of the College had been shut up behind some railings in a somewhat ridiculous manner. This was created as a lie, for years and years it was told as a lie, and one fine evening the Master really was imprisoned behind those identical railings in that identical way. Yet I suppose many, when they were told on unimpeachable authority of the new fact, merely laughed and thought it was the old falsehood. They were incredulous, as the modern men of science are incredulous; there is nothing so simple as incredulity.

And, oddly enough, another instance of this exact occurrence is to be found in the episode of Señor Nakens and Moral the dynamiter. Precisely the same problem in personal honour has occurred in fiction in the case of a fictitious journalist and a fictitious dynamiter. Señor Nakens was in precisely the same position as the vague young man of letters in Stevenson's "Dynamiter," a book which I hope everybody has read at least nine times. Stevenson's young man had also committed his honour to a man whose atrocious trade, when he discovers it, he detests, but cannot denounce. And when our English journalists blame Señor Nakens for keeping his word to the ruffian, they ought to remember that Stevenson, who certainly had no maudlin regard for the Dynamiter, came to the same honourable decision. It is the decision of any high-spirited person. To whom should we act honourably if not to knaves?

I see that very various, and upon the whole very vague, criticisms are still circulating about the adaptation of "The Newcomes" and Mr. Tree's impersonation of the Colonel. It is certainly time that someone protested, apart altogether from the merits of this particular play, against the absurd assumption which seems to exist in the minds of many people, that any good novel not only may be, but must be, put upon the stage. That a good novel should make a good play is not only rare, it is intrinsically unlikely. If it is a good novel it will probably make a bad play. We should see this at a glance in connection with any other two forms of art. Anybody can see that if a thing is a good sonnet it will probably be a bad song. Anybody can see that if a thing is a good three-volume novel it will probably be a bad epic in twelve books. We all realise that if a thing is a good wall-paper the chances are that it will be a rather loud waistcoat. Nobody proposes to adapt carpets into curtains. Yet all this is in no way more essentially false or foolish than the perpetual assumption that the art of fiction is akin to the art of drama, and that therefore the merits of the former will provide material for the latter. But if, indeed, they are really thus akin, why is not the process more often reversed? Why have we not a bold and brilliant school of adapters of plays whose business it is to turn them into novels? Am I really free to bring out in three volumes my fascinating psychological romance called "Othello; or, The Mystery of the Handkerchief"? Can I bring out a yellow-backed novel called "The Pound of Flesh; a Tale of Venetian Commerce"? In such a case I am not sure that the novels would be good novels, even if I wrote them. You would find that in a steady and careful prose narrative the reader would reject as coarse and incredible exactly those "properties" which on the stage are, indeed, quite proper: the necessary "business" of the ring, the dagger, the poisoned cup, the letter—in a word, the gross material symbol which is so constantly necessary to make things clear behind the footlights. Thus in a novel about Othello we should be irritated with the accidental importance of the handkerchief; it would remind us of an idiotic detective story. Thus in a novel founded on "The Merchant of Venice" the business of the pound of flesh would seem, not as it seems in the play, merely harsh and barbaric, but openly ludicrous and unthinkable.

A novelist can use thousands and thousands of images and symbols to suggest a soul or a situation; because a novelist can refer back and forward, can shift the scene every paragraph, can allude to things remote from the field of action. All novelists do this, but no novelist ever did it so much as Thackeray. He tells the truth by a tissue of irrelevancies; he comes to the point by wandering from it. But on the stage it is impossible to create these multitudinous and miscellaneous impressions, changing every moment even in the matter of time and place. The only scene on the stage that would bear any resemblance to a chapter of Thackeray would be the transformation scene at the end of a pantomime. In ordinary plays the action is so concentrated in point of time and space that the playwright is obliged to use a palpable and permanent symbol, like the Handkerchief or the Pound of Flesh, the black robes of Hamlet, or the purple robe of Cæsar. Thus, conversely, it commonly follows that a good novel makes a bad play because it is a good novel. It may be urged that Shakspeare himself was an adapter, and that he took the plot of his plays from old or contemporary romances. It is quite true that Shakspeare made his dramas out of novels. But then, with his abysmal and starry sagacity, he always made them out of bad novels.

A correspondent has written objecting very strongly to some observations of mine in this paper which he understands as being a sort of justification of religious persecution. Let me say that I do not justify religious persecution, though I could with considerable ease. That is one of the points that the modern world is bound to find out some day, and the longer it puts it off the worse it will be. The logical case is all in favour of religious persecution. Intellectually speaking, toleration has hardly a leg to stand on; its only leg is emphatically a wooden leg. To the mere intellect the persecutor is obviously right: for the persecutor is the only man who takes the mere intellect quite seriously. If intellectual truth can be obtained, it can be imposed. If intellectual truth is the chief benefit, it should be imposed. The reason why we, in the modern world, feel that philosophical persecution has frequently or generally been an evil is simply the fact that we are much affected emotionally by things other than intellectual truth, by the attraction of spontaneity, the attraction of variety, the attraction of the unexpected or the unique. Our modern toleration does not come from the fact that we are more rational than our fathers; we are very much less rational. It does come from the fact that we are more romantic than our fathers. The one solitary good theory which our age does understand, and which the Middle Ages did not understand, is the theory of liberty; and we understand the theory of liberty because it is not a theory at all. It is an emotion, an expansion, an indescribable hunger. Notice that all the good things of the modern world are things purely poetical, and even sentimental: a worship of children, a pleasure in novels or narratives about the human heart, an increased kindness to animals, a delicate appreciation of love affairs. And notice that all the things that are bad in the modern world are things that arise from the lack of logic, consistency, and an intelligible order; such as the chaos of London, the problem of the Unemployed, or the everlasting Education Question. We are living in an age of poets; it is an excellent thing, so long as we know how poetical we are. But do not let us make the mistake of attempting to defend liberty or any characteristically modern thing on the ground of reason; on the ground of reason liberty is obviously unreasonable. The glory of modern people is that they do really feel. Their only danger is that they cannot think.

I do not think, as my opponent supposes, that punishing people severely solely for their opinions was a nice or proper human action. But I should be quite content if I could make people understand that it was a human action at all. As the matter is commonly stated in our day the difficulty is generally to imagine, not how a good man could be led to persecute, but why even a bad man should be bothered to do so. Persecution as described in our histories sounds like something too strange to be even a sin. All through my boyhood (which I need hardly say was studious and industrious in an almost feverish degree) I used to wonder why people hit or stoned people with an opposite philosophy. A little experience in the world, however, has taught me that the explanation is simple: the reason is that people with an opposite philosophy are extremely unpleasant. Whether or no heretics are unpleasant to God, there is no doubt at all about their being unpleasant to man. Only yesterday an incident brought this fact of philosophy home to me.

A lady visiting an invalid friend of mine began: "I hope you are better"; and then immediately broke off, saying, "Oh, the Christian Scientists tell me I ought never to say that." That simple situation is the beginning of all persecution. The people of a tribe or village would not worry to persecute the mere metaphysics of Christian Science; they would simply notice that there were a number of extremely ill-mannered people who seemed to have no sympathy for human pain. They would dislike them, snub them, and at last hit them for the excellent reason that they never said "I hope you are better." The first step of the wildest theory lands it in the plainest practice.

## RICHARD SEDDON:

PREMIER AND IMPERIALIST.

ON Sunday last Richard Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, died suddenly at sea, and with his death a great and ardent Imperialist passes from the service of the British Empire. It is fitting that he should have died in harness, and that his last task should have been one that represented the ideal for which he had striven hopefully through good and bad report. He was on his way home from Australia, having visited Sydney to arrange with Mr. Deakin the terms of a reciprocally preferential tariff between New Zealand and the Commonwealth, and his last public utterance is one by which he could well wish to be remembered. It is a warning to British colonists against "the suicidal policy of sending trade to foreign countries, and thus enabling them to strengthen their navies. Trade," he concluded, "should go to the Motherland to help to strengthen the British Navy." If we read his life's work aright, Richard Seddon would have been well satisfied to leave that parting message to his own people the world over. The belief it holds had served to console him in the days when the seeds he was sowing gave no signs of yielding a harvest.

The late Premier was born sixty years ago at Eccleston, in Lancashire, and started his life's work at the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a firm of engineers and ironfounders in St. Helens, and served for five years, the full period of the apprenticeship term. Before he was out of his teens the stories of Melbourne's riches proved too much for an adventurous disposition, and young Seddon might have been found at the diggings, where Fortune held so few favours for him that he was forced to seek service on the Victorian Railway. This work was not to his taste, and in 1866 he succumbed to another bad attack of gold fever, seeking the east coast of New Zealand on this occasion. In subsequent wanderings across country he turned his engineering knowledge to such good account that he soon came into public notice, and became the first Mayor of a small town.

In 1879 he entered Parliament as a supporter of the Liberal Party under Sir George Grey, and pursued politics in the leisure left by his duties as a hotel and store keeper. He reached Parliament at a season when statecraft was beset with difficulties. Sir Julius Vogel and Sir Harry Atkinson had grappled hard with the problems of New Zealand, but public expenditure had grown to an extent that made any policy save one of retrenchment and land reform impossible. Mr. Ballance was the first man to handle the land-settlement question in New Zealand with the necessary amount of force and energy, and Mr. Seddon was found in his Cabinet. In 1893 Mr. Ballance died, and Mr. Seddon took his place as Premier. His long period of office proved him to be an Imperialist and a Democrat, with a large and patriotic policy and an avowed determination that New Zealand should be equally free from millionaires and paupers. The fortune that had refused to favour him as an individual smiled upon the State he was called upon to control, and the development of the trade in frozen meat and dairy produce brought to New Zealand a large measure of prosperity, which the Premier succeeded in spreading over the country. His action towards Great Britain in the matter of preferential tariffs deserves to be remembered.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

IF the measure of enthusiasm be its endurance, then may the ardour of the more democratic section of the audience which assembled to do honour to Ellen Terry last Tuesday at the matinée performance arranged by the theatrical profession to celebrate the jubilee of this greatest of living English comédiennes be judged unparalleled even in our record-breaking age. By two o'clock on Monday afternoon quite a decent-sized group of people, for the most part of the feminine sex, had taken up a position outside the pit and gallery doors of Drury Lane Theatre, and as the afternoon and evening wore on the numbers steadily increased of those who were prepared to camp out all night in order to gain admittance to a performance which did not begin till half an hour after mid-day. Quite apart, however, from the personal and emotional significance of the occasion—quite apart from the closing ceremony of the reception—at which Lady Bancroft was to voice her brother and sister artists' admiration for the heroine of the day, and Miss Terry herself was to return thanks for the compliment they had paid her, there was the prospect of a programme so entirely unique as to justify the most extravagant enthusiasm—the most untiring patience. The great feature of the day, of course, was the rendering of the first act of "Much Ado" by a wonderful cast which included Ellen Terry herself as Beatrice, her sister Marion as Hero, Mr. Tree as Benedick, Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Claudio, Mr. Fred Terry as Don Pedro, Mr. H. B. Irving as Don John, and a vast crowd of the Terry family in minor rôles. But almost as popular was the happily conceived series of tableaux-vivants in which famous pictures were represented in turn by all the most accomplished and beautiful of English actresses. Then there were scenes from "The School for Scandal," in which Sir Charles Wyndham resumed the character of Charles Surface, and was supported by Mr. Alexander; there was the minstrel concert party of London's leading comedians; and there were other contributions supplied by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mlle. Adeline Genée, the great Coquelin, and Signor Caruso. The wonderful souvenir programme, edited by Mr. Austin Brereton, was printed by Messrs. J. Miles and Co.

## MADAME JANE HADING AT THE CORONET.

It is good to have Madame Jane Hading with us again, even in so old-fashioned a problem-drama as "Le Demi-Monde," and happily, though this most elegant of French actresses chose the younger Dumas's fifty-year-old piece in which to make her London *entrée* at



the Coronet, she has also allowed herself this week better opportunities for the display of her rare comedy talent and her powers of pathos in such plays as the stagey "Maitre de Forges" and M. Capus's delightful "Châtelaine." It is easy, to be sure, to understand the fascination for Madame Hading of such a part as that of the courtesan heroine of "Le Demi-Monde," for it has engaged the services of many a notable French actress; and, moreover, in the prolonged duel of wits and of sex which Suzanne has to fight with her ruthless male adversary there are many showy and telling moments. But not even the sincere and subtle art of Jane Hading can quite make convincing a play the bold mechanics of which seem to-day only too entirely obvious.

#### M. COQUELIN AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

In the programme which M. Coquelin presented last week at the New Royalty, a large place was occupied by "L'Arlésienne," a rather crude and lurid melodrama of disappointed love and a broken heart, the chief interest of which nowadays consists in the fact that the work came from the pen of M. Alphonse Daudet, and that Bizet, of "Carmen" fame, wrote for it some of his most beautiful and characteristic music. The character of the elderly patron, which M. Coquelin assumes in this piece, does not give the distinguished comedian over-much scope, though he invests the part with all possible dignity, and he was seen to far greater advantage last week as the plebeian hero of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and on Monday night in two even more famous Molière impersonations of his—Mascarille and Tartuffe. All the rest of this week M. Coquelin has been appearing in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

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Details of Superintendent of Line, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge.

#### LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlargement of which have been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and of these RESIDENTS in the HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1906. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

#### STRATHPEFFER.

The Highland Sulphur Spa and Watering Place is exquisitely situated amidst the finest of Highland Scenery, and is yearly attaining a more eminent place among the Spas and Watering Places of Europe.

Peculiarly favoured as to climate, its pure, bracing air—yet exceedingly mild—and charming surroundings make

#### STRATHPEFFER AN IDEAL RESORT.

Full information as to Train Service, Fares, &c., on application to THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY, Inverness. T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

#### P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. Cheap Return Tickets, Pleasure Cruises, and Round the World Tours.—For particulars apply at the London Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

#### HAMBURG.

In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich.

By the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Fast Passenger STEAMERS "PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Passengers leave LONDON (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m.

First Class Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.; Second Class Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 9d.  
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

#### PLEASURE CRUISES TO NORWAY.

ORIENT COMPANY'S S.S. "OPHIR,"

6814 tons register, 10,000 horse-power.

June 30. Visiting BERGEN, GUDVANGEN, BALHOLMEN.  
July 14 & 28. MUNDAL, LOEN, MEROK, NAES and ODDE.  
Aug. 11 & 25. 13 Days' Delightful Cruise for 13 Guineas and upwards.

Managers, F. GREEN and CO., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON and CO. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue, London.  
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office: 28, Cockspur Street, S.W.

#### GRAND HOTEL PIERRE à VOIR.

Altitude, 5000 feet. Ab Martigny, Switzerland.  
First-class ideal summer resort place, facing glaciers.  
Carriages, Martigny.

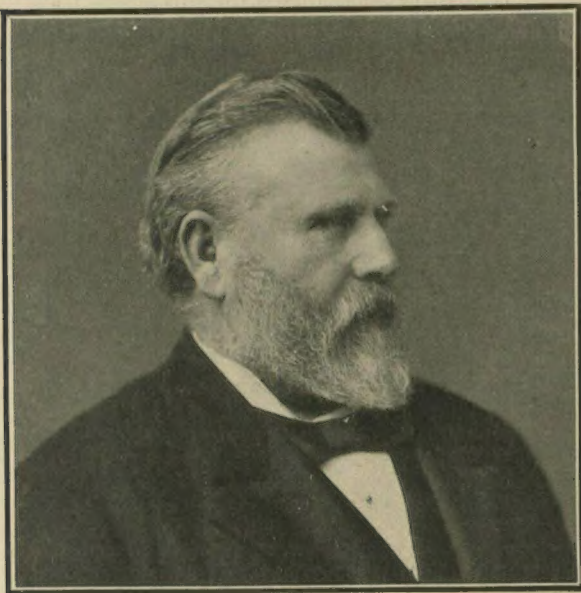


## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## Portraits.

The Right Hon. Sir James Stirling resigned last week his position as Lord Justice of Appeal. Sir James is the eldest son of the Rev. James Stirling, a Free Church minister of Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1836. After receiving his earlier education at home, he enjoyed a distinguished career at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prize-man in 1860. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn two years later, and was appointed Junior Counsel to the Treasury in 1881. In 1886 Sir James Stirling was promoted to the position of Judge of the Chancery Division, and four years later was raised to the position of Lord Justice of Appeal.

Sir James Thompson, Chairman of the Caledonian Railway, died in Glasgow on Friday last. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and had entered the service of the Caledonian Company at the age of fourteen, rising steadily from one position to another in the company's service, until in 1882 he was appointed General Manager.

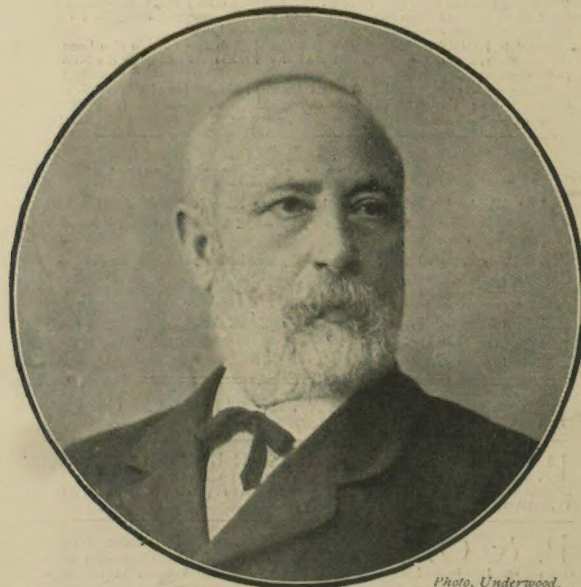


THE LATE RICHARD SEDDON,  
Prime Minister of New Zealand.

[SEE ARTICLE ON "OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE.]

To Sir James Thompson travellers by the Caledonian Railway owe increased and improved third-class accommodation, together with such decided benefits as workmen's trains and week-end tickets.

The Queen of Spain has lost no time in adopting the beautiful and distinctive head-dress of the country, and is pictured on this page in the mantilla. Until a few years ago the use of the mantilla was common throughout Spain, and all who know the country will admit the charm of that simple head-dress, brightened as it was so often by the use of a single scarlet flower. Of late years Spanish ladies have shown a tendency to listen to the voice of the milliner from Paris; but it is to be



DON JOSÉ NAKENS.

Who sheltered the Spanish Assassin, Moral.

hoped that Queen Victoria's action will restore the old-fashioned head-dress.

Señor Nakens, who has been arrested for complicity in the recent bomb outrage in Spain, has communicated to the Press an account of what happened on the day of the royal wedding. Moral entered the office of Señor Nakens' paper, *El Montin*, and asked that a statement he was about to make might be regarded as private and confidential. Señor Nakens gave his word, and then Moral told him who he was and what he had done. Having pledged his word, Señor Nakens felt bound by it, and he conveyed the Anarchist to a friend's house and left him there for the night. He now declares that he acted as he was bound to act, and could not have done otherwise without violating his word. Curiously enough, the man who assassinated Señor Canovas, the Spanish Premier, in 1897, also called upon Señor Nakens, and even told him in confidence of his intentions. The arrest of Señor Nakens and his explanations have created extraordinary interest in Madrid. It may be noted in this place that by the consent of the Pope the Queen-Mother of Spain is converting her house in



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

LORD JUSTICE STIRLING.

Retiring from the Court of Appeal.

the Calle Mayor from which the bomb was thrown into a chapel to commemorate her son's escape.

## Parliament.

Mr. Haldane said that the Army contracts this year had been investigated in the most searching fashion in order to ascertain whether there was any sweating. Everything possible was done to get rid of a system which was a disgrace. No contractor who sweated could hope to get business from the War Office. In regard to the supply of tinned meat, he should be sorry to draw the supply from the United Kingdom only. They ought to buy tinned meat wherever they got it best and purest. As to the American contract, he had sent out an expert officer who would inspect the tins carefully before the War Office took one of them. Careful consideration was being given to the question of Chelsea Hospital, where much useful administrative work was performed and which had too many sentimental associations to be lightly destroyed. The Duke of York's School was being built elsewhere. The Home Secretary said that the proposal to give the members of the Metropolitan Police Force one day's rest in seven would add £150,000 a year to the rates of the Metropolis. Sir Gilbert Parker drew attention to the perilous position of South Africa with regard to its food supplies. From Buluwayo down to Table Bay the whole route was strewn with tinned food from America.



Photo. Dover Street Studios.

QUEEN OF THE STAGE FOR FIFTY YEARS:  
MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. Winston Churchill said they would all like to see a large tenant proprietary in South Africa. The Government had settled 1300 settlers in the two colonies at the cost of £1800 per settler. He should be glad to be informed that the great mining magnates were anxious to sustain their promises to pay £30,000,000. Mr. Walsh, on behalf of the Labour Party, attacked the Ministry for continuing Chinese Labour, and declared the Liberal Government an organised hypocrisy. Sir William Anson

moved an amendment to Clause II. of the Education Bill to compel the local authority to take over and continue as a provided school any existing voluntary school which satisfied the requirements of the Board of Education.

Defeat of Natal  
Rebels.

News from Natal is more satisfactory. The rebels have ventured into the open and have been very soundly beaten. On Sunday last Colonel McKenzie cut off twenty companies of Bambaata's and Mehlokazulu's impi in the neighbourhood of the Mome Valley. The latter chief and two hundred rebels were killed, and large numbers were wounded, while on our side Captain MacFarlane, of the Transvaal Mounted Rifles, was killed and Lieutenant Marsden was seriously wounded. The contest then developed into a running fight, in which many more of the rebels were killed, so that they must have suffered a total loss of 400 or 500 men. In recognition of his good work Colonel Royston has been instructed to raise the strength of his force to 1000 men, and the Government is raising 500 irregulars in Cape Town and 200 in Natal to relieve the Militia in the field. It may be that



Photo. Underwood.

IN THE COSTUME OF HER PEOPLE: THE QUEEN  
OF SPAIN IN THE MANTILLA.

these additional levies will not be required. A report has been current that Bambaata has been killed.

## The Spanish Cabinet.

For purely conventional reasons Señor Moret handed his resignation to the King of Spain last week. It was necessary that the Cabinet should resign in order to give the Ministry a free hand for the dissolution of the Cortes on the termination of the marriage festivities. King Alfonso assured Señor Moret of his complete confidence, and the Premier remains in office with a Cabinet that has been reconstructed. The Ministers of Justice, Education, and the Interior retire, giving place to Señores Celleruelo, San Martin, and



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR JAMES THOMPSON.  
Chairman of the Caledonian Railway.

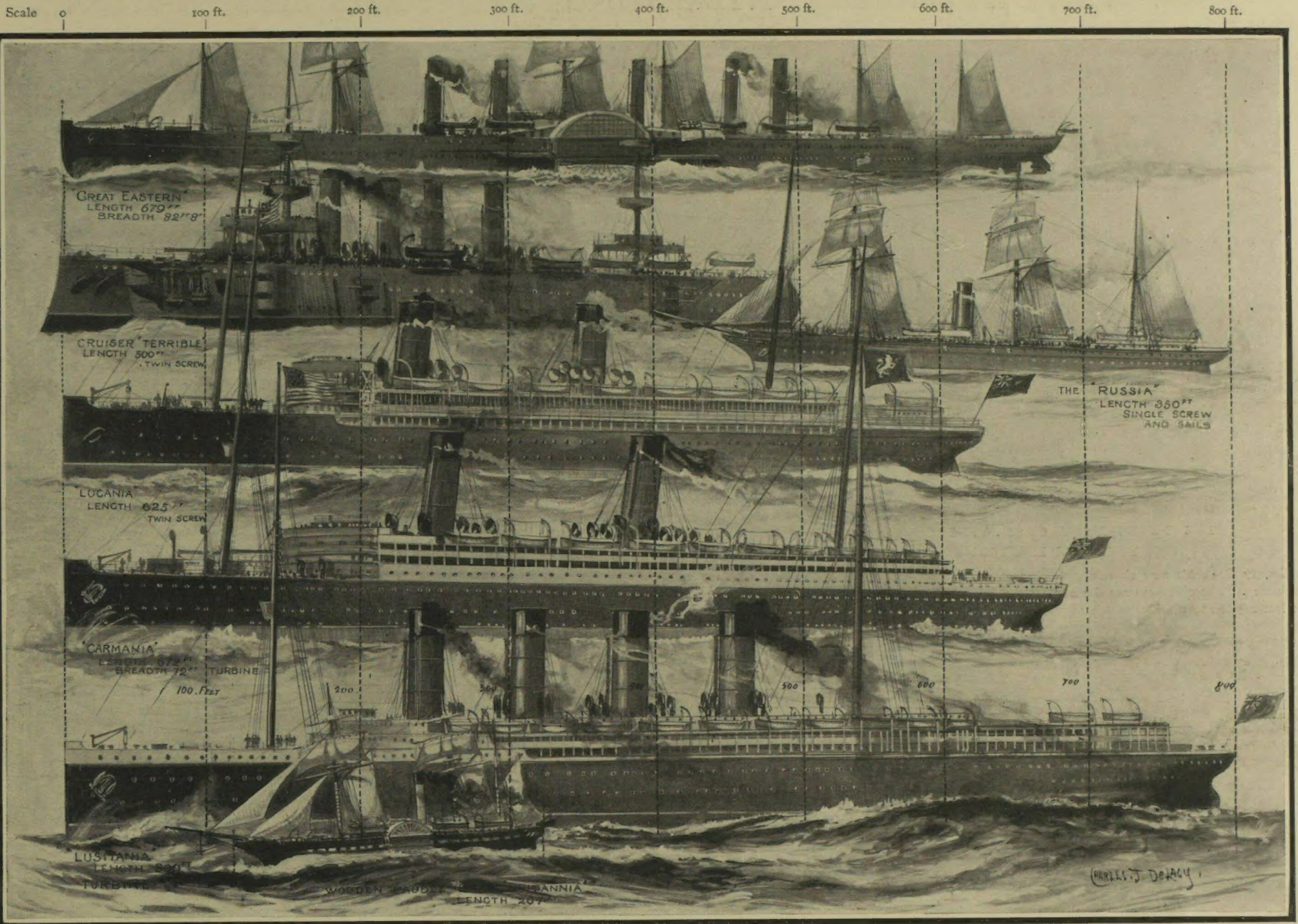
de Ballesteros. Parliament will probably be dissolved very soon, and the Liberal campaign will be conducted by Señor Montero Rios.

Our Relations with  
Servia.

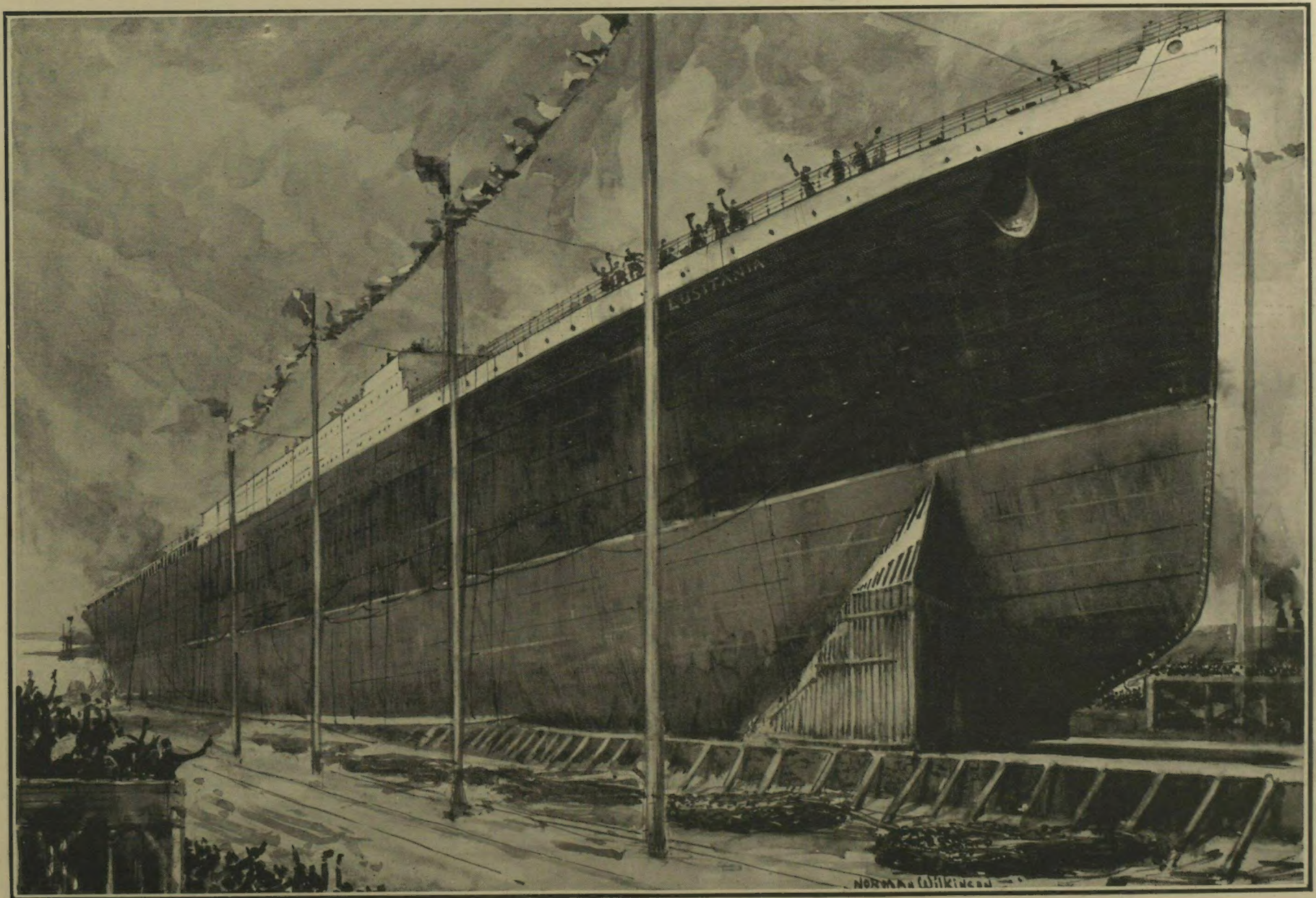
The Servian Government has sent an official Note to our Foreign Office, through the Servian Minister in Rome, stating that the regicides have been retired, and that they will not be reinstated. Following upon this assurance, his Majesty's Government has accepted the Envoy appointed by Servia to resume diplomatic relations with this country. The new Minister is Dr. Milicsevich, who is transferred to London from Berlin. A very disagreeable incident is now closed, and there will be a considerable measure of relief felt in Servia, where the stern but well-judged action of his Majesty's Government created considerable uneasiness. At the same time, it would be idle to deny the advantages that this country gains from resuming relations with Servia, which has a considerable part to play in the development of the political situation of the Near East.



# THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT: THE LAUNCH OF THE "LUSITANIA."



MODERN SEA-MONSTERS: THE "LUSITANIA" COMPARED WITH THE GREAT SHIPS OF THE LAST FORTY YEARS.

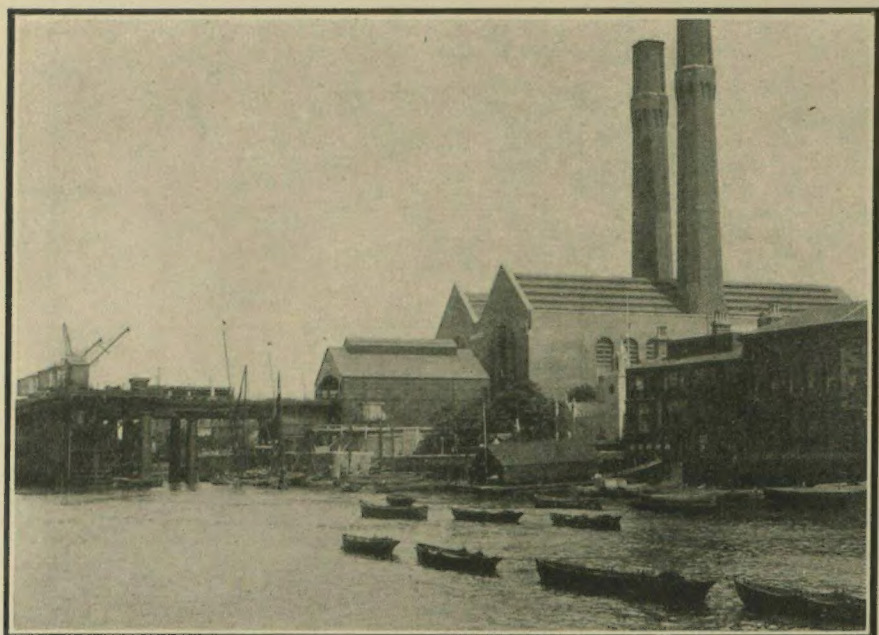


A LEVIATHAN'S LAST MOMENTS ON LAND: THE TURBINE "LUSITANIA" READY FOR LAUNCHING.

At the Clyde Bank Shipbuilding Yard of Messrs. John Brown and Co., the "Lusitania" was launched on June 7 by Lady Inverclyde. The "Lusitania" restores to Great Britain the supremacy in shipping which has been held by Germany since the launch of the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria." The new vessel is 7500 tons heavier than its German competitor.



# FROM FAR AND NEAR: INTERESTING SNAP-SHOTS AND NOTES.



*Photo. W. H. Smith.*

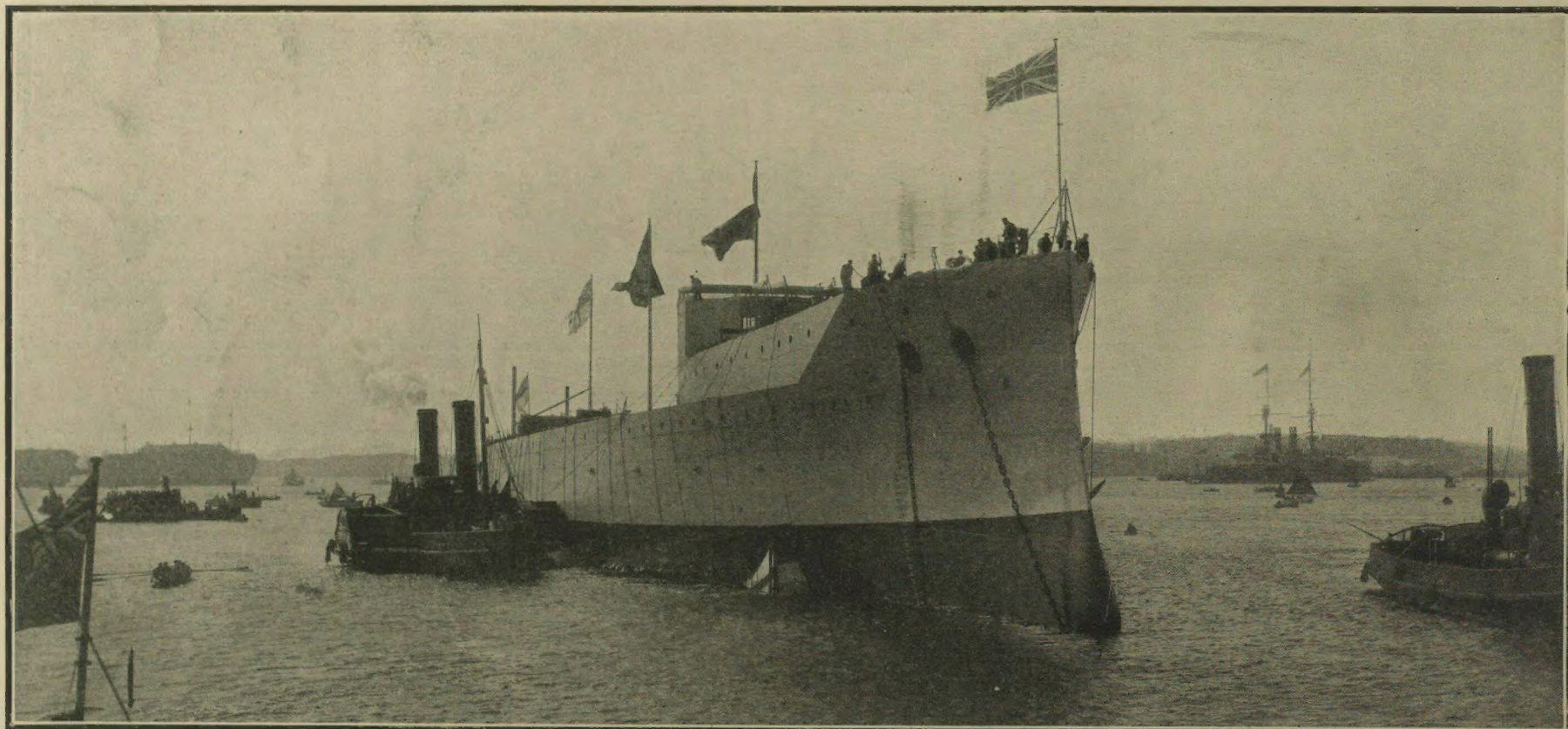
THE BUGBEAR OF GREENWICH OBSERVATORY:  
THE NEW ELECTRIC STATION.

The County Council's new electric generating station has caused consternation at Greenwich Observatory. The chimneys are directly on the line of the meridian, and are consequently a great interruption to the observation of transits, which forms a large part of the observers' work.



THE COOLIE REPATRIATION QUESTION: THE FAMOUS "FREE PASSAGE"  
POSTER, PROTECTED BY WIRE NETTING.

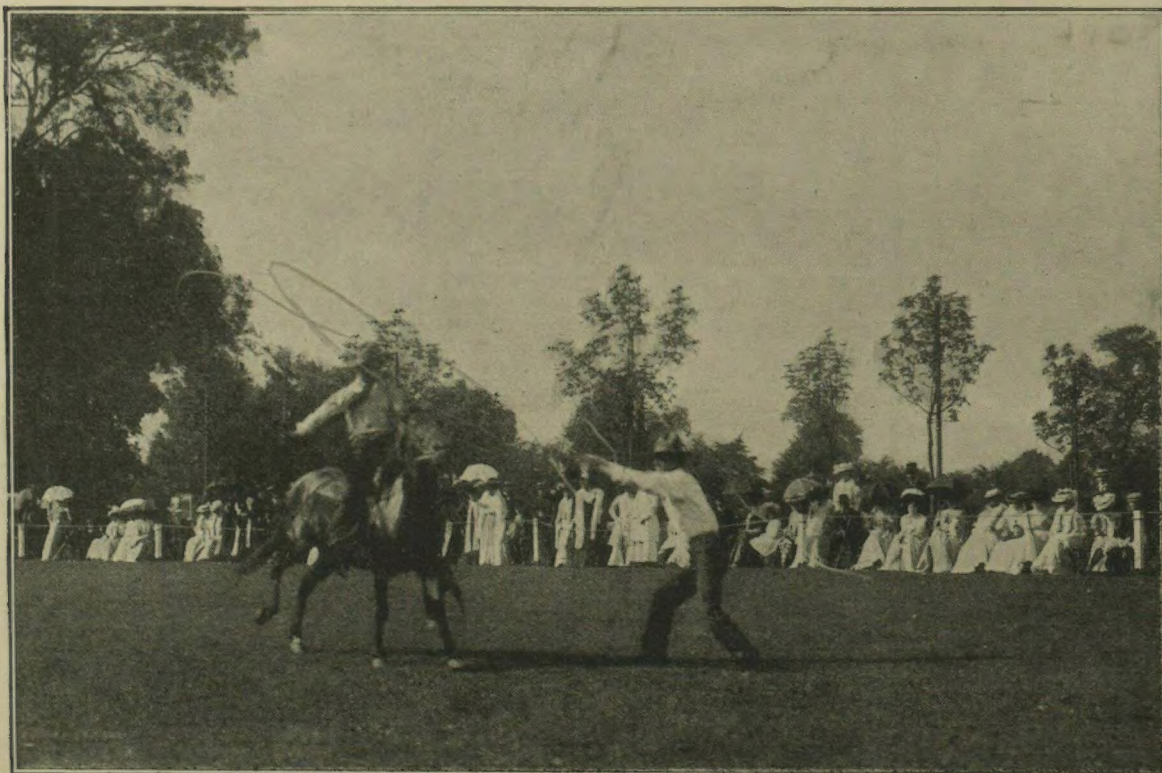
At the Simmer and Jack Mine, when the famous "free passage" poster was put up, the coolies tore it down, saying that it was a trick to get them out of the country. When a second copy was put up it was protected by an iron-wire netting.



*Photo. Crachett.*

THE NEW CRUISER: H.M.S. "MINOTAUR," LAUNCHED AT DEVONPORT, JUNE 6.

The "Minotaur," a vessel of 23 knots, with a displacement of 14,000 tons, was christened by the Countess of Crewe. The vessel will mount four 9'2-inch breech-loading guns in the fore and aft barbettes, ten 7'5 guns in the ten batteries, five on each side of the upper deck; and some twenty smaller quick-firing weapons. She is protected by heavy armour.



*Photo. Roach.*

THE LASSO AT RANELAGH: FAIRLY ENVELOPED AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

On June 6 Mr. W. Rogers, by permission of the Palace Theatre, gave an exhibition of his wonderful skill with the lasso. Before a brilliant and interested audience he demonstrated the uses of the great rope-weapon of the Far West.



PAUL KRUGER'S GRAVE AND MONUMENT.

The monument erected to Paul Kruger in the cemetery at Pretoria was unveiled on May 8 by General Botha.



# BANNERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

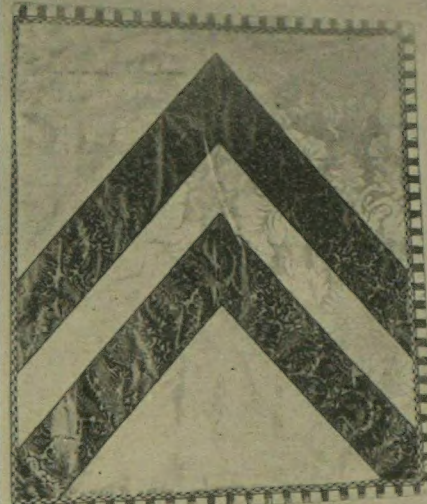
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK.



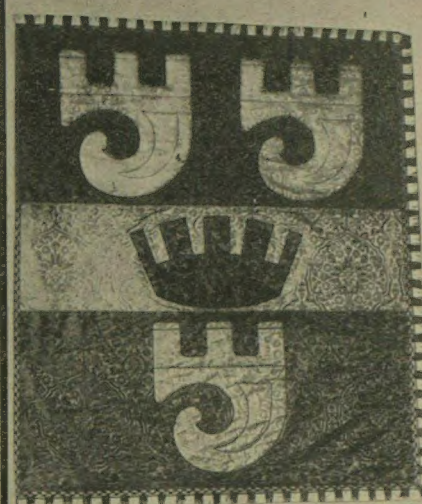
*Sir John Kirk*



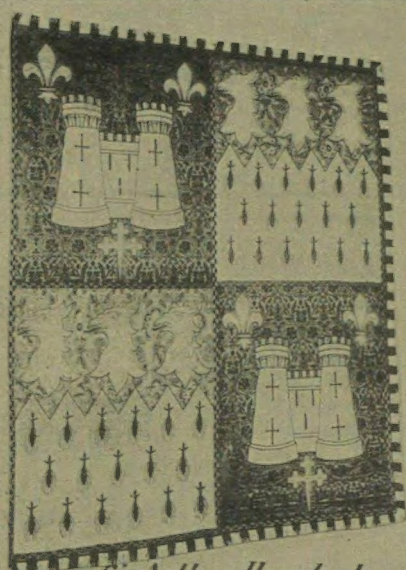
*Sir C. Clementi Smith*



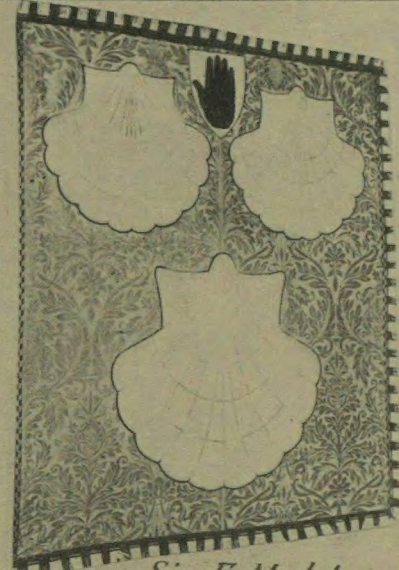
*Sir E. Monsen*



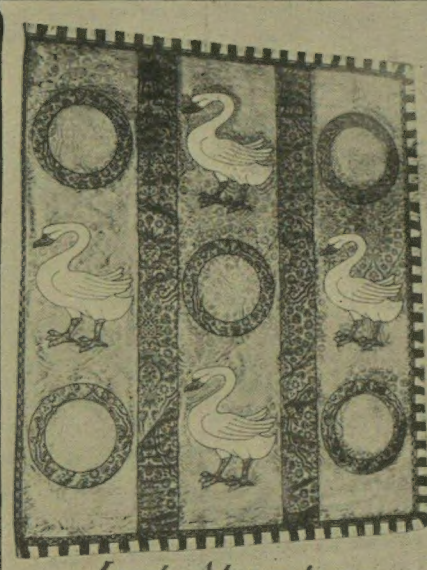
*Lord Grenfell*



*Sir Arthur Havelock*



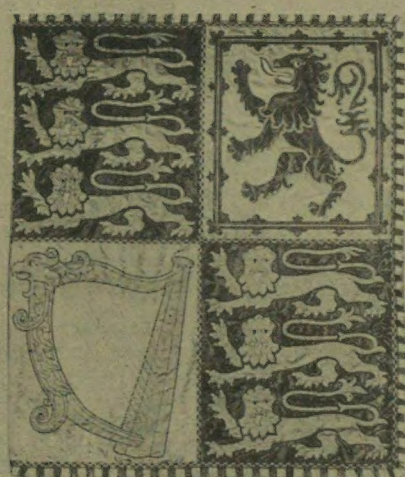
*Sir E. Malet*



*Lord Alverstone*



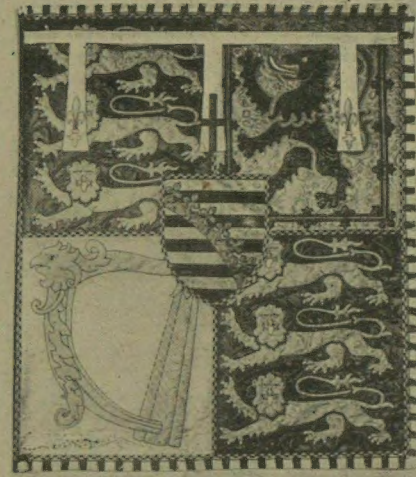
*Sir Robert Hart*



*H.M. The King.*



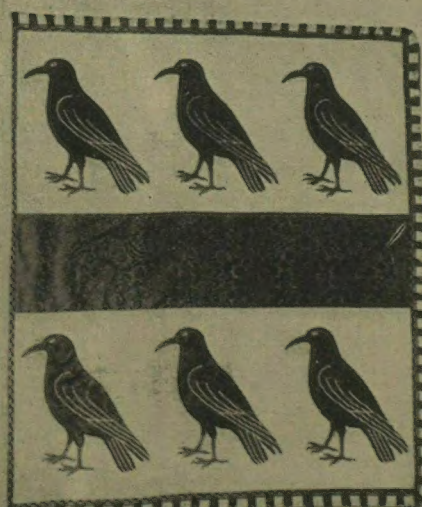
*Prince of Wales*



*Duke of Connaught*



*Lord Knutsford*



*Earl of Onslow*



*Sir E. Drummond Wolff*



*Sir E. Rivers Wilson*



*Viscount Wolseley*

EMBLEMS OF THE KNIGHTS HONoured FOR DISTINCTION IN IMPERIAL SERVICE: DECORATIONS IN THE NEW CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S, INAUGURATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING, JUNE 12.

On Tuesday last his Majesty the King and the Prince of Wales attended the ceremony of dedicating the new chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in St. Paul's Cathedral. The whole cathedral was given up to the Order for the purposes of the ceremony, and the gathering of members in their uniforms and insignia was very brilliant. A dedicatory prayer was said by the Bishop of London, who blessed the gifts presented to the new chapel by members of the Order.



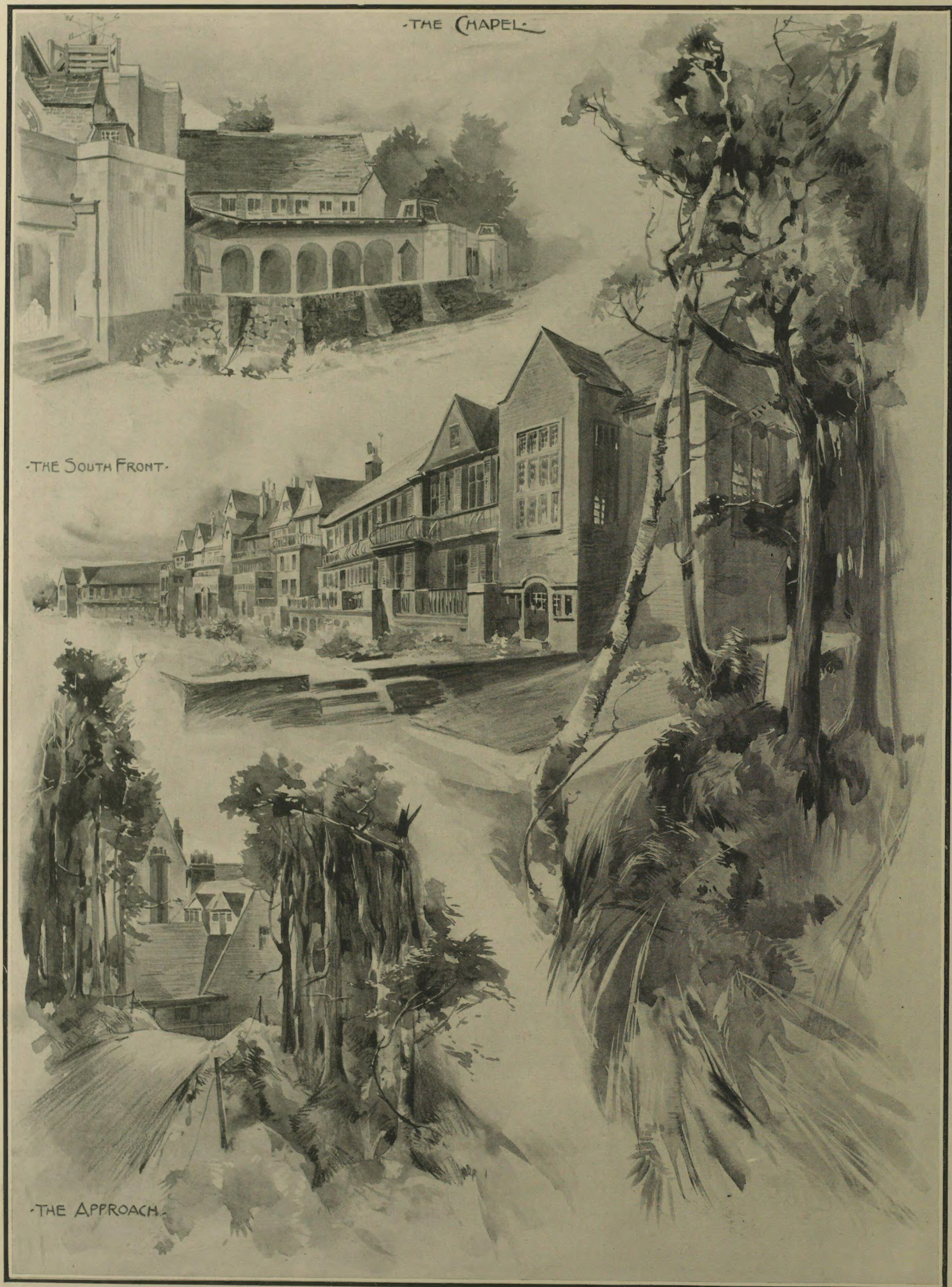
# ROYAL HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES: THE KING'S SANATORIUM.

SKETCHES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THE CHAPEL.

THE SOUTH FRONT.

THE APPROACH.



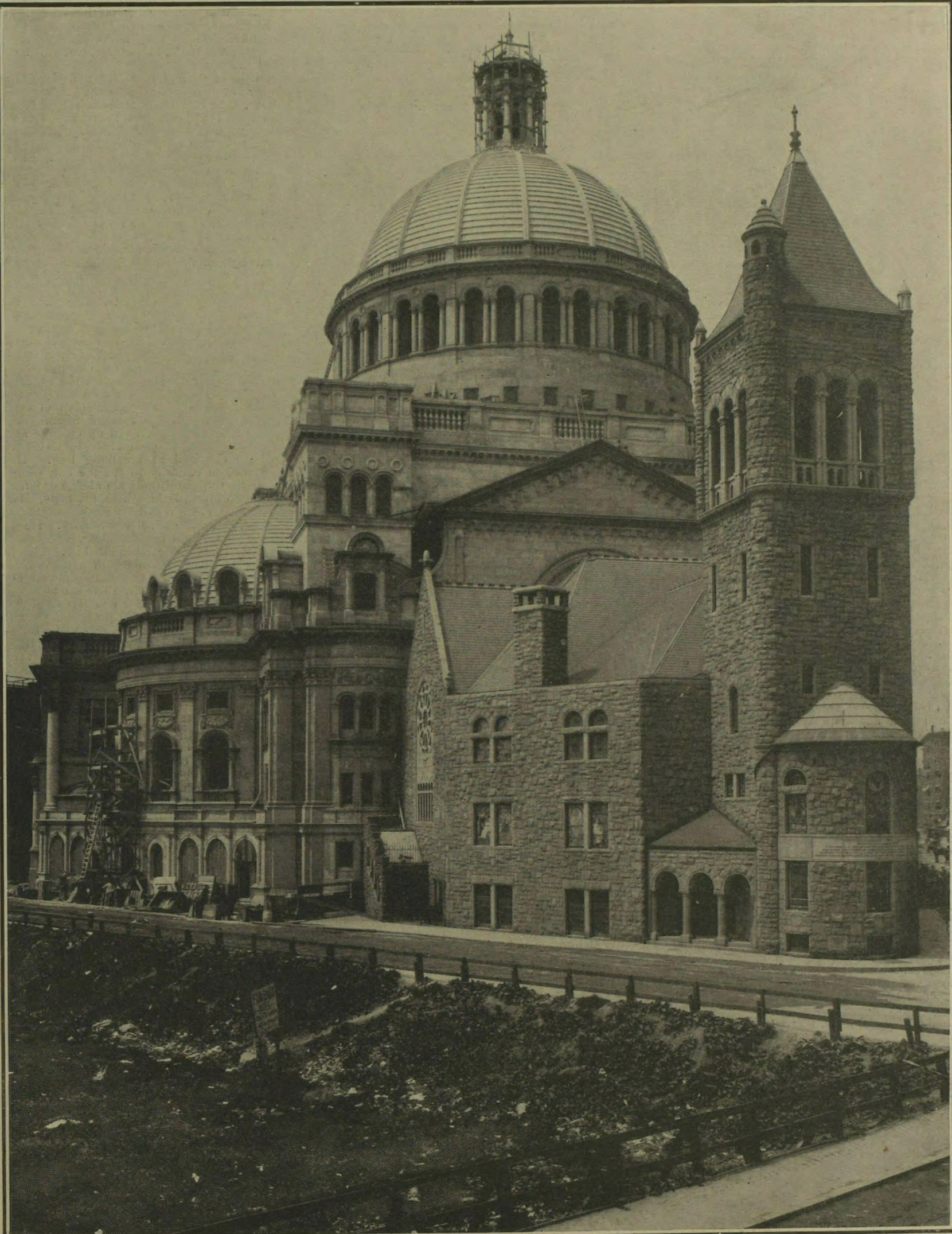
THE KING'S BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES AT MIDHURST, SUSSEX, OPENED BY HIS MAJESTY, JUNE 13.

Their Majesties in person opened the magnificent building which the King has done so much to promote. Situated on the breezy Sussex uplands, the sanatorium is equipped with every device of modern science for combating the white terror. For the undertaking Sir Ernest Cassel presented the King with £200,000. The architect is Mr. Percy Adams.



## THE HOME OF A NEW RELIGION: THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE TEMPLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



A TEMPLE THAT COST TWO MILLION DOLLARS: THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AT BOSTON.

On Sunday, June 10, the Christian Scientists held a great inauguration of their Temple. Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the religion, has gathered her disciples from the four winds for the ceremony. The auditorium of the Temple holds five thousand people. Thirty thousand Christian Scientists, however, went to Boston for the dedication. The Temple organ cost forty thousand dollars.





## THE THIRD MEDAL.

BY

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

PIPPO CERLONE won his first medal at a *fundaco* on the Corleone road. Capponi was "sleeping for himself," as the Sicilians say, at a table outside the inn. There he sat, in hot sunshine, his swathed legs stretched at length, his gun propped against the sun-baked wall, his mouth fly-catching, the tassel of his scarlet cap just nodding with his snores. The old rascal, waking like a peevish child whose slumber has been broken, found himself a captive.

But the second medal told a brisker tale. Scowling mountains looked down on a piece of smart fighting when Pippo shot Roveni. He and two other *carabinieri* were watching the outlaw's body as it leapt in the drollest way, like a landed fish—trying to follow his soul, perhaps, for Roveni was sufficiently devout. In a prayer-book, taken afterwards from his pocket, a bunch of sacred grass—plucked on a holy night—marked the chapter, "*De Preparatione ad Bonam Mortem*." They were watching for this good death, when Luigi Bandello broke through the yellow spurge, growing almost neck-high, and fired, and broke away uncaptured. That spit of lead meant six weeks in hospital for Pippo, and he waited to be revenged.

The third medal! He wished he could see that handsome face of Luigi, the fair curly head, the straight, clear-cut features telling of Greek ancestors in old Syracuse, again at close quarters. They were in his dreams by night, his thoughts by day; yet still the two medals lacked their comrade. One evening his chance came unexpectedly.

He had been at the range under Pellegrino, and had made good practice. "Shoot as straight when you meet Bandello," his officer had said, raising his head from the score-sheet on the wooden table, "and you'll win your third medal, Cerlone." The next shot had missed the bull by half an inch, but there should be no miss when his time came. He strolled afterwards past the English Gardens. The buzz of approval from the on-lookers—his comrades, a few idlers, a muleteer resting his belled and gaily-harnessed beasts at the foot of the zig-zag mountain path—still tickled his esteem. He thought again of Bandello, and, with a sudden jump of the heart, saw the man he wanted.

A 'bus, huge and unwieldy, was blundering through the street. It was now nearly dark, and a spluttering oil lamp lighted the interior. There were half-a-dozen passengers; that strange mixture of caste and centuries seen in these street vehicles of Palermo. As it rumbled by he saw a vision of shawled women, men in black coats and silk hats, an old peasant, his scarf-bound head, like a ship's figure carved in oak, nodding forward with the jolting of the 'bus. And in another corner was the face that he was seeking.

Or one like it. Pippo wondered for a moment whether long brooding had played tricks at last with his two eyes. And he had not seen very clearly. But it might be Bandello. The lad might have been rash enough to come down from his haunts into the city streets.

Cerlone stopped under the shadow of a house to think. A second omnibus, lumbering along not far behind the first, decided him. He entered it, and from his corner watched the tail-board of the vehicle in front, noting each passenger who dismounted. At last his man dropped off into the road. Cerlone followed cautiously.

His quarry wore the blue hooded cloak of Sicily, excellent for concealment. The carabinieri, keeping behind a little cart bright with saints and angels and the wars of Norman Kings, dogged him steadily along the Street of Liberty. Now some gesture seemed to fit in with his memory, and now improbability told him to give up the pursuit. But he followed.

A girl, coming down the road towards Palermo, hurried towards the cloaked man; they stopped a second, and she turned and walked on with him,

laughing and chatting. They were quite close now to Sferracavallo. To their right, Monte Pellegrino, rising into a violet sky powdered with stars, shut off the sea. Man and girl, with Pippo following at a cautious distance, reached the broad village street. On the balconies of the houses, on the doorsteps, on rickety chairs at the thresholds, the villagers smoked or gossiped. Pigs were penned in corrals of rough boulders against the walls. Pigs, dogs, fowls rooted and nosed and scratched among offal in the street. At the far end of Sferracavallo the long street twists suddenly and runs downhill to the sea.

Cerlone turned this corner with caution. The two seemed too much interested in their own concerns to heed him, and the hard road was strewn with wind-blown sand that deadened his footsteps. But he drew back suddenly against a wall, as they stopped at a cottage door. A rush of light, as the door opened, showed him clearly enough the face of Luigi Bandello.

The door closed on them abruptly, leaving Pippo in a quandary. What now? He lifted his plumed hat, and ran his fingers dubiously through his thick, close-cut hair. Bandello was in that house. The third medal was in that house. How to get it? That was the question—and a difficult one. To knock, and enter, and attempt arrest single-handed, might be like thrusting one's hand into a nest of wasps. Besides, to help the *Maffiosi* and their friends, allies spring up in Sicily like Jason's men in the quiet and empty field. Pippo remembered an arrest in a busy Palermo street; in a second sober shop-keepers, law-abiding householders, had had strange accidents with shutters, with stalls, with chairs on overhanging balconies—accidents very hampering to the *carabinieri*. A false step here, and half the village might be in arms against him. But if he went away to bring help his man might vanish.

He waited some time, and then crept cautiously towards the cottage. Through a chink below the blind he peered into the lighted room.

An old woman, yellow and wrinkled, sat spinning yarn. He could hear the whirr of running wheels in the late silence of the street. In another chair, near her—under the light of a flickering oil-lamp—sat the girl who had met Luigi. Her face was young, dimpled, softly rounded; long lashes, over downcast eyes, brushed cheeks that had caught the rich tones of sunshine from the golden valley. Her head was bent over some rich silk stuff, with which her fingers played. Her dark hair showed little shades of colour, little rioting curls and locks, very pleasant to look upon. Pippo had a great eye for the sex. Instinctively a hand went up to the little black moustache. And then, from the momentary abstraction of thought, his mind returned to the reason for his eavesdropping.

Bandello was not there.

Pippo was puzzled, and still watched, expecting that at any moment the man might enter. The elder woman spoke some words that he could not catch, and her daughter glanced up, and answered laughing. Those eyes of hers! They shone, they sparkled; her little pearl-like teeth glistened; the face, perfect in feature, and curved and rounded almost like a child's, was all animation and delight. But the old woman shook her head solemnly, ominously. He had heard the girl's laugh, like the ripple of silvery water; he heard the tones of the mother's voice—hoarse, warning, like the croak of a raven. He knew, without catching the words, that she was administering some reproof. And instantly the girl's face changed, her eyes narrowed to slits of flame: she broke out in a torrent of angry words; the play of hands, shoulders, mobile features, was grand to watch, and just a trifle frightening. A little spit-fire this! Pippo would have liked the taming of her . . . but Luigi?

The dark lambent eyes flashed towards the window; he drew back hastily, just in time. And then it flashed

across him that he had lost his chance. There must be a back exit to the cottage, running to the coast. He hurried down the dipping road on to the beach. A match or two showed footsteps, lost at the limestone of the mountains, that told their own story. Already, no doubt, Bandello was far away.

Cursing his folly and ill-luck, Cerlone went back to the Porta Nuova barracks. But he knew the house, and had his clue, and laid his plans. The next evening he shaved, waxed the little twisted ends of his moustache, and dressed carefully. His uniform might be an asset in the game he meant to play. For some time he eyed himself with satisfaction in the mirror. One or two comrades sniggered, and passed jests which he disregarded loftily. They knew the tale of many of his amours, and he had no objection to this being numbered with the rest.

Eyes bright and impudent and round, like a robin's, looked at their duplicates in the glass. They were eyes, these, that had made many a shy girl's drop at their encounter, and many a bold girl's follow him as he swaggered through the streets. He was taller, more solidly built, than the lithe Sicilian. He was not much older—twenty-four, no more—and had all the assurance of his years.

Above all, he was heart-whole—the girl was attractive, but held him by no spell. Real indifference—assumed passion—oh, he would have a distinct advantage over any suitor whose tongue was made timid by hot love.

Pippo was a Lombard, and had a wholesome contempt for the natives of the south. But the absurd and antiquated Sicilian courtship presented a somewhat serious obstacle. He had no patience for the night serenade below balcony or cottage window; the slow process of waved hand, or dropped flower, that led, after delays, to understanding. Besides, he couldn't sing. Must he caterwaul amorous ditties? He had no very clear plan of campaign when he reached Sferracavallo. But he screwed up courage and whistled a melancholy, tuneless stave, not easily

to be recognised as breathing love. There was no response, no curiosity to see the unknown—whose fancy had been trapped without knowledge or intention. Pippo left off, with little breath in his body, and a hot suspicion that the girl and her mother might be laughing at him within. The window was dark. He walked down to the shore, at a loss for ideas.

But here fortune favoured him. The Signora was staggering from the beach with a heavy basket of driftwood. She stopped on the sandy slope, grunting under the burden. A good proverb came to his mind. "He who wants canes should go to the cane-brake; he who wants the daughter, should go first to the mother." He volunteered help, and it was accepted a little grudgingly. Little passed between them; but he learnt that the girl had gone into town, and was late in returning. "Always haunting her finery, eyeing the shops in the Via Macqueda, and leaving the work to her mother." Camilla, the girl's name—Camilla Nardi. So far so good. But he had wasted his breath and his music on an empty house.

It was a fair evening's work for all that, and he strolled a day or two later to the village with a box of candy bulging out his pocket. Mother and daughter were at their door, on chairs perched beside the stone pigsty. He saluted, and renewed acquaintance. The sun had not yet set, and it was a little difficult to keep from quivering nostrils with the heat drawing out all the flavour of swine and garbage. But he succeeded—and forgot this at last in the excitement of his business. The mother thawed under his attentions and the proffered candy. He told stories of barrack life, of the North; was very witty; ingratiated himself by every art he knew; brushed and twirled his moustaches—and all the time, talking to the mother, kept the corner of an eye upon the girl. She sat listless and silent, or, when she looked at him at all, glanced through half-closed eyes. It was tantalising, and put him on his mettle. He tried to draw her into conversation, but received only an absent yes or no. She nibbled candy, though, and that was something to remember.

A few more visits, at wise intervals, yielded better fruit. The mother began to scent some reason for his coming, and proved a useful ally. One day, when Camilla was away, she waxed confidential over her spinning. He talked of the Mafia and brigandage in the mountains. Bandello's name came out.

At mention of him apathy and wrinkled age seemed to fall from the Signora like a garment. She shrugged, she screwed up her face, and at last burst into a torrent against the outlaw. "Bandello?" she cried, with a curse. "I know him. That silly girl of mine has an affair with him. What can I do? We are respectable folk. When my husband was alive—"

He listened to a tale of former grandeur.

"And here am I now," she went on, whining, "terrorised in my own house. He comes and goes when he pleases. I ask her, what good can come of it? Give him up, you say? And have a knife between my ribs—from my own daughter, like enough. Not that Camilla isn't a good girl, mind you. But about this there's no talking to her. My head's snapped off if I so much as breathe a word. San Rocco! If I could stop it! I tell her there are plenty other good-looking lads in the world—"

She looked straight at Pippo, who gave his moustache another self-conscious turn. Camilla came up at that moment.

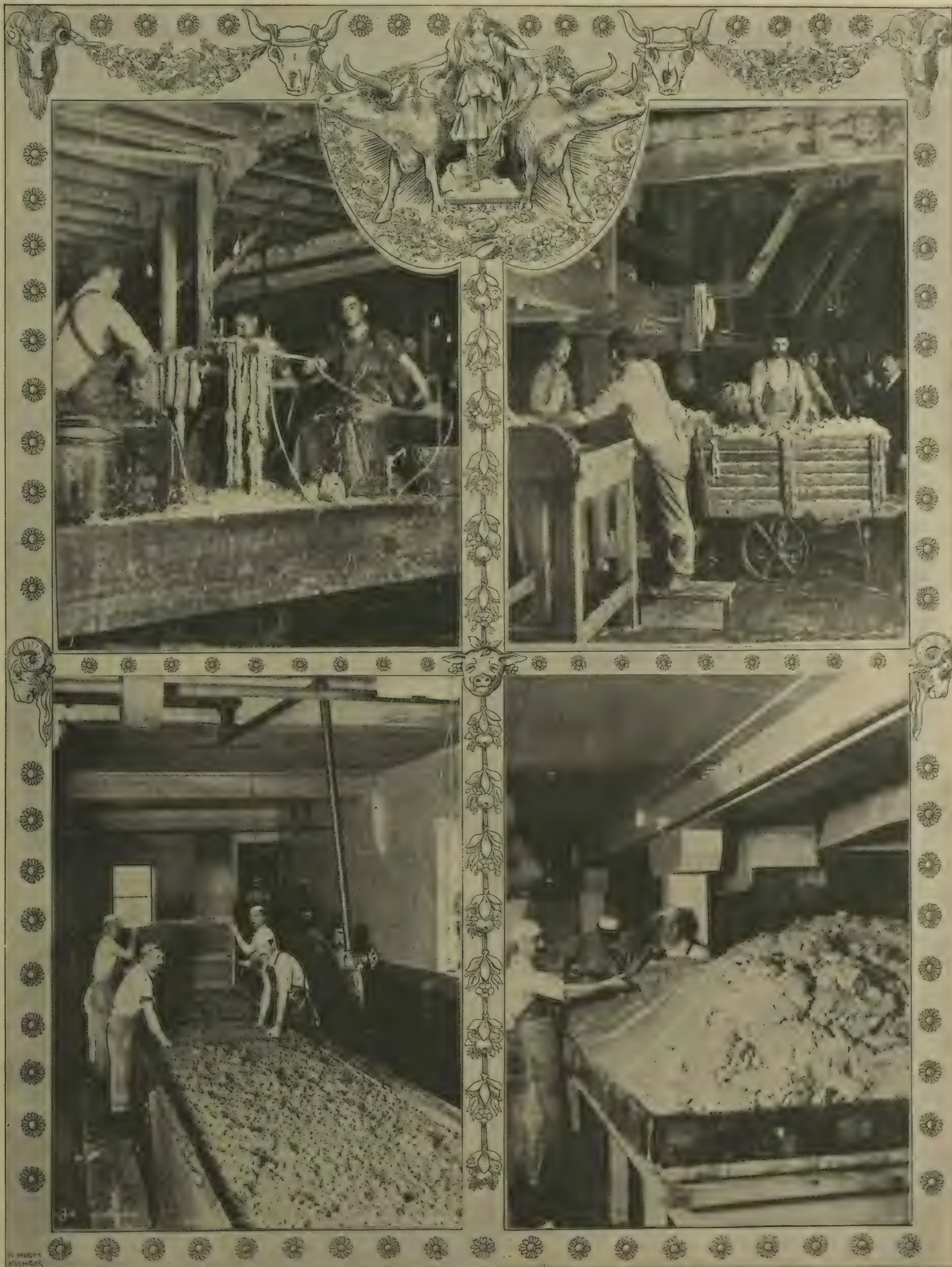
Wrought to a pitch, Signora Nardi continued her tirade, in her quick, clipped Sicilian. Camilla's eyes opened wide and flashed, turning at last from her mother to the visitor. Wonderful, dark eyes they were, that sent tremors through the length of Pippo's body, for all his self-assurance. He waited for the outburst. To his

[Continued overleaf.]



# THE TINNED-MEAT HORROR: METHODS OF CHICAGO PACKING-HOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD; BORDER BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. PREPARING SKINS, SAUSAGE DEPARTMENT, GREAT PACKING-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

2. MAKING OLEOMARGARINE IN THE GREAT PACKING-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

3. WASHING BUTTERINE IN THE GREAT PACKING-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

4. THE MANUFACTURE OF OLEOMARGARINE ON A LARGER SCALE.

Pictures given here afford a view of some of the most reputable methods in vogue on the premises of some of the largest meat concerns of Chicago. In the first photograph workmen are seen preparing skins in the sausage department, in the second and fourth they are making oleomargarine, and in the third they are washing butterine. It is not improbable, in view of recent disclosures, that they will not be working so hard at present or in the immediate future. It will be noticed that the workmen in several cases are of the type we associate with refugees from Central Europe,—the class treated in Mr. Upton Sinclair's sensational novel, "The Jungle." The stockyards of this Chicago company occupy an area of 500 acres, and can house 461,000 animals at one time. Last year nearly 17,000,000 head of cattle passed through the company's premises.



surprise, it did not come. Indeed, when Bandello's name came up again she shrugged her indifference. But she listened intently as Pippo began to speak of his experiences in the mountains. He played a bold game and flung away reticence. What mattered? She was young and impressionable; no doubt the brigand's hardihood had first won her heart. But he would cap bravery with bravery. She listened, drinking in every word. Pippo, at questions and encouragement, added a little colour to his exploits. He was humorous, too, in his way. She laughed at his account of old Capponi's capture—the fly-catching mouth, the nodding tassel, the look of blank amazement and testy indignation on waking—all mimicked cleverly. The mother, highly pleased at his success, laughed too. They all laughed in concert. And the girl's laugh was very merry and young and pleasant. Oh, she was nearly heart-whole. To heal first—to wound afterwards: there was his plan, cut and dried.

It was some days before he ventured to speak of the third medal. Signora Nardi whispered to him, just before, that Camilla and Luigi must have had a quarrel. He decided then on a bold stroke to test her feelings. "I want Bandello to give me my third medal," he said abruptly, and watched the effect.

Camilla's face showed blank indifference. But when he went she held his hand a little at parting. "I didn't want to talk with mother there," she said. "But—but—oh, he's dangerous to follow, Bandello. He wears a priest's stole, part of it, and they say—"

He interrupted with a gruff laugh at her southern superstition. "A stole? My bullets'll go through any stole, Camilla. I'll have him before long. Look here. If you—but there, no matter." He was afraid of blurting out his proposition. "A priest's stole? We don't believe much in that sort of thing where I live. Nature—*Natura*, what I can see with my eyes—that's what I believe in, and I'm not afraid even of that."

"But be careful, Pippo," breathed Camilla, and for a moment touched his arm.

He went back to barracks in some turmoil of feeling. Poor little Camilla! It was too bad to use her only as a pawn in his great game. Besides, he was only flesh and blood. This was growing dangerous. Already her face was blotting out Bandello's in his thoughts. Of nights now, he lay awake thinking of Camilla—Camilla laughing, scornful, angry, tender. . .

The climax came at last. One evening he took mother and daughter to a little theatre in one of the by-streets of Palermo. It was a play of *burattini*—puppets; but a play intensely serious; a tragedy of love. At first, Pippo's eyes wandered from the doings of the little actors, with their stiff wooden gestures, their wide, fixed eyes, to the clear-cut profile of the girl beside him. He could see her eyes glistening through the smoky darkness, and changing with each emotion—softening, growing dim, hardening, flashing scorn and anger and hatred. The whole stage seemed in those eyes—two mimic stages, copying and mimicking every action as in mirrors. . . The mother puffed and grunted, partly with the heat, partly with her own emotions, and used her handkerchief freely. . . But by and by Pippo found his attention fixed on the little figures strutting, fighting, loving, dying, as the hands unseen below pulled the wires. It was cleverly done. They seemed, indeed, the figures which, on the stage of this world, move as unseen Hands ordain. The story was grim enough, fit for the eyes of those dwellers in the battle-field of the south; the dark and tragic land, where corn and vine spring from soil moistened by centuries of massacre and strife and cruelty. Pippo read into the play some of his own purpose. There was a girl won, giving herself freely, betrayed, deserted. The air was electric with passion. His eyes followed everything. He looked no longer at Camilla; and yet, all through, was conscious of the thrill of her arm against his own. Once, when the betrayer fell under the knife—clattering down in a pathetic, splaying heap of puppet agony—she gasped, and her light fingers tightened on his sleeve.

The curtain came down. Laughing and jesting again, the audience poured out into the street. But Pippo and the girl were very silent. It was still early; there were two performances, and they had gone to the one at Ave Maria, or sunset, in order to reach Sferracavallo in good time. Pippo took his guests to a café on the Marina.

Contempt for himself, and the part he played, made him silent. But as he watched the girl sipping her wine in the light of the lamps, he came to a sudden decision.

Why not? She was beautiful; she loved him—he knew that now, and knew that he loved her. He had not meant an ending like this. But why not? he asked again. They were young; by and by, he would go back to Milan, and take her with him, away from this cruel and squalid south. He must win his medal first. There was a double reason now why Bandello should be captured. But if she helped him, he could never have the heart to go away and leave her—like the puppet in

"Bandello! That dog of a *maffioso*! But listen, Camilla. I've won two medals, I tell you. You shall help me win the third. And then . . ." He blurted out all his plans for their happiness. "He deserves to die. He's shot I don't know how many, and I've sworn to take him. You shall help, I say. . . You've told him nothing? You can send him word? And he'll come?"

"Yes, he'll come," said Camilla, and shivered—then nestled closer.

Three nights later, Pippo and Camilla walked together to the shore at Sferracavallo. It was moonlight; the sea all purple and luminous; round the rocky islets in the little bay jets of spray spurted with the wash of waves, and gleamed like silver fountains. The mountains, sombre and austere, looked down on them. Toilers among vines or sea-wrack had all gone home. Three or four little boats lay canted on the beach, watching them with the painted eyes that look out for

dangers of the deep and rappy havens. Camilla shuddered a little. Pippo took her arm and pressed it to his side. Her fingers played with his.

"What's the time, Pippo?" she whispered.

"Ten minutes yet. Be brave, Camilla mine. Only ten minutes—and then—"

"The third medal!"

"The third medal." He kissed her. "Why, you're cold, little one."

"I'm frightened, Pippo. But you won't shoot? You promised me you won't shoot?"

"Not if I can help it. I'll take him alive. You mustn't see nasty work; no, no. How much longer? Five minutes now. Only five minutes—if he's punctual—and after that—"

He drew her to him, and while she nestled close, whispered about all that third medal meant: money, promotion, a cosy home for both of them, perhaps, in that bustling city of the north that looks towards the Alpine snows. He whispered, as if the little boats had ears as well as eyes. At last she pushed him from her. "Go, go, Pippo. In there. It must be nearly time."

He snatched a kiss, and waited in a cleft of the mountain wall, his eyes fixed on the beach running towards Tonnara. But they wandered now and then to Camilla, standing in moonlight on the threshold of the sea. The light foam of the waves flecked her little feet. Suddenly she moved, glanced round her, like a bird; for a second a finger was on her lips, and her other hand motioned to him to keep concealed.

"Pippo! Pippo!" she whispered in a minute. "The third medal!"

He ran out, his carbine ready. Where was Bandello? He strained his eyes; every nerve was alert.

"Pippo! Pippo! The third medal!"

At the taunting voice behind him—like an echo, loud and sinister, of her whisper—Pippo wheeled round. There was a jet of fire in the moonlight, a sharp report; hollow echoes rolled among the mountains. He stood rocking and swaying for a moment, not understanding.

Camilla ran up from the brink of the sea. She stood in front of him, her glowing eyes half-shut, her forehead puckered; and the tip of her tongue was caught between her teeth, in curiosity, in suspense. Pippo's carbine dropped on to the shingle. There stood Bandello, smoking weapon still in hand—Bandello, come behind, from Palermo, from under the dark shelter of the mountains.

"Camilla!" With one cry, Pippo fell and lay huddled on the beach, like the puppet on the tragic stage. He stared out at them, there in the moonlight, with fixed, glazing eyes, like the eyes of the wooden puppet.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Camilla, and shuddered. Luigi's arm circled her waist. Pippo's face looked strangely handsome, strangely softened, in the moonlight. "But he would have killed you, Luigi—he meant to kill you," she whispered. And then her mood changed, and she clapped her hands together, like a child who has won some game.

"Look, Luigi! Look! His third medal—there!" She pointed to where the dark blood, staining the breast, marked the place of the third medal.

THE END.



GREAT GUNS AT MILAN: IN THE NAVAL SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MILAN.

The Milan Exhibition has a finely equipped Naval Section containing specimens of all arms, from the lightest quick-firer to the great 11-inch barbette guns for modern battle-ships.

the play. Oh, he feared no tragic ending. But she was too pretty, too tender, to be flung aside like the pawn when the game is ended, and it has played its part. . .

Signora Nardi had found a friend, and let the young people walk in front. Violet night enclosed them. In the bay, green and red lights gleamed from the tall ships; Monte Pellegrino rose in darkness before them, and behind them Zafferana crouched like a black camel beneath the sky. Through Palermo the Happy, through the Golden Shell, these two walked, on such a night of Sicily as Theocritus, "in the dim meadows desolate," may still remember with wistful longing. And they were young! Behind them they heard the noisy cackle of Signora Nardi and her friend, and there was significance in her chuckles and in the momentary dropping of her voice. Pippo's love rushed out suddenly, and his proposal.

Camilla caught her breath, but her fingers pressed his sleeve.

"Oh, Pippo! But Luigi Bandello! He'd kill me—I haven't. Even now—even to-night—I'm afraid for having come."

He laughed off her fears eagerly, contemptuously.



## THE CHICAGO TINNED-MEAT SCANDAL: METHODS AND MATERIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, AND BY PARK.



TINNED MEAT TO BE: CATTLE IN THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.



COW-PENS IN THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.



OIL-PRESSES IN AN OLEOMARGARINE WAREHOUSE, CHICAGO.



"DELICACIES" WEIGHED AND PACKED IN ARMOUR'S PACKING-HOUSE, CHICAGO.



SAUSAGES TO BE: COUNTING HOGS IN THE STOCKYARD.



THE SLEEP OF THE CONDEMNED: HOGS IN THE STOCKYARD PENS.

We see here some of the more reputable material that goes to the making of tinned meat. The first two pictures show real cattle in stockyard pens. After processes that were private down to a few weeks ago, some of the material reaches the oil-presses in the oleomargarine warehouse and a department reserved for "delicacies" in another side of the packing-house. The last pictures show healthy pigs on their way to play their small and, it is to be feared, unimportant part in the making of the sausages which a confiding public is asked to eat.



# PUMPKIN FOR BAIT: A CURIOUS GERMAN METHOD OF ANGLING.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 16, 1906. — 890

FISHING WITH PUMPKIN BAIT IN A GERMAN STREAM.

A small piece is cut out of the pumpkin on the side opposite the stalk. The seeds are taken out and the inside is filled with small hooks attached to short strings and hidden in the pulp of the pumpkin. The pumpkin is kept afloat by two boards, one on each side of it, and it is moored to the bank by a stout cord. The motion of the pumpkin on the water tells that the fish are biting.



# LANCASHIRE IN ARMS AGAINST THE EDUCATION BILL: THE ALBERT HALL DEMONSTRATION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE ALBERT HALL.



TWELVE THOUSAND LANCASTRIANS CHAMPIONING THE CHURCH SCHOOLS: THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S ENTHUSIASTIC SPEECH.

The demonstrators on June 8 travelled from the North of England to make their protest. They represented a hundred and fifty parishes, and claimed the services of thirty-two trains. In London they passed through the streets in a procession that was nearly one mile and a half long, and they sang hymns as they passed along Portland Place, Regent Street, Piccadilly, Hyde Park, and Knightsbridge. In the course of his address the Bishop of Manchester said: "I thank you from my heart for your splendid rally round your old Church to-day."



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

SOME people are never contented, and, at this moment, I would not hastily blame them. We are told to thank our stars (as there is nothing else worth mentioning to thank) because we live in an age when Science advances in seven-league boots, while Religion is no longer permitted to employ such modes of argument as the Boot, the thumbscrew, and "that extreme torment called the pilniewinks or capsiclaws." For that we are grateful: the idea of seeing a scientific writer, like Dr. Saleeby, put in the capsiclaws for the purpose of shaking his Argument for the Existence of a Radiobe, is repugnant to every generous mind.

On the other hand, the advance of Science, to use a vulgar phrase, "is not all jam." Science provides an enthusiast with the ready means of killing or mutilating some seventy people, in the totally futile effort to slay "two young lovers, lately wed," on their way from church, a place to which, Science occasionally hints, nobody ought to go. There is something surviving in human nature which shrinks from such results of Science.

Whoever wishes to see what Science is doing for war may read the remarkable story called "The Kite" in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June. The author writes under an assumed name, but a more powerful author we seldom meet, and we may hope that he is a new writer, and has plenty more to give us as good as this effort of imagination. The story is a tale of the war-kite, the war-balloon, and modern quick-firing artillery. There are, of course, no illustrations, and the story needs none. The least imaginative student is enabled to see with the eyes of the author, and the famous boy who went out to learn to shudder may acquire the art at home by simply reading "The Kite."

That the Rev. Forbes Phillips, who writes on "Ancestral Memory" in the *Nineteenth Century*, is a truly scientific author I am not learned enough to say with certainty; but, as Mr. Huck Finn said of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "the statements are tough." Mr. Forbes Phillips staggers us in his opening sentence by the remark that "there are few people who have not at times been startled by some vivid reminiscence . . . while viewing some scene which they know they have never seen before." How can one have a reminiscence, a vivid reminiscence, of a scene which one has never previously beheld? It would be more correct to drop the negative and write, "there are few people who have been startled by some vivid reminiscence while viewing some scene which they know they have never seen before."

Of these few I have never met one. To be sure, I have met two persons who averred that they had beheld, in dreams, a place previously unknown to them, and that the have later come upon the same landscape—in one case a peculiar tree in a glen; in the other case, a little country town—when wide awake. Both seers were women. It is also told of Shelley, I think by Hogg, that he was much perturbed in a walk near Oxford, by coming on some hitherto unvisited place which yet appeared thoroughly familiar to him. But such anecdotes are very rare, and Shelley was a most unusual kind of person.

When Mr. Forbes Phillips writes that few people have not had the experience which bewildered Shelley, it is probable that he unconsciously overstates his case, and that the converse of his case is true. Few of us, indeed, have experience of this amazing kind. He himself has had the sensation in "the dark windings of the Catacombs" at Rome. Probably he had read about the catacombs, and had formed an imaginative mental picture of them, to which the real facts corresponded. He found Tivoli, about which he thinks that he had never read, "as familiar to me as my own parish," and he "acted as guide and historian to a party of friends who concluded that I had made a special study of the place and neighbourhood."

Perhaps, in fact, he had read in Augustus Hare's book, or any other topographical book, and had forgotten the circumstances. Ulysses was "a part of all that he had seen," and all that we have read is a part of us, though the reading may be lost in the unconscious deeps of memory. Memory is very deceptive. Lately someone informed me that he had been present with me at a certain rather absurd scene. I know who the people present were, and would lay a thousand to one that he was not, if it were fair to bet on a certainty. But I could not bet with such confidence that I never read an account of Tivoli, though I remember no such reading. At Leatherhead Mr. Forbes Phillips was told that there existed remains of a Roman road; he instantly led the way to it, though he had never consciously heard of it before; and he felt that he had once ridden on that road, in armour!

We might account for this by the theory that Mr. Forbes Phillips has a genius for topography, which has taught him where the Romans were likely to make a road, and that a vivid poetic fancy did the rest: called up a picture of himself riding the road in armour.

The oddest case known to me is this: I happened to hear that a young man, the reverse of studious or literary, had such a vivid dream of the Norman Conquest, and of his own presence at the events, that he privately printed an account. I got the pamphlet, privately printed at Simla, about 1882, and looked into it, to see what the author dreamed about the much-contested palisade of the English, a bone of contention among historians. I found the palisade quite unlike any conjectural reconstruction known to me. I told an eminent specialist—indeed, I think I showed him the passage. "That is Professor Oman's latest theory," said he; and a very good theory it was, in my opinion.

The rest of this pamphlet was equally surprising. It had no other literary merit but amazingly vivid imagination of details.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F WALLER (Luton).—We regret your inquiry has been overlooked, and trust the reply is not too late. The best book for the purpose is "Cook's Compendium."

H R (Kennington).—Certainly, and it has been so acknowledged. The problem you enclose is a well-known masterpiece.

F W OWEN.—Thanks. In the former version there was no Black Knight on the board.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3234 received from Gerindra Chandra Mukherji (Mymensingh, E. Bengal) and F R M (Natal); of No. 3237 from J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3238 from J Carter, J M K Lupton, and F B (Worthing); of No. 3239 from F B (Worthing), J M K Lupton, and A G Bagot (Dublin).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3240 received from H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Albert Wolff (Putney), J Carter, F W Owen, W Barnes, and F Moore (Clifton).

## CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at the Adelaide Chess Club between MESSRS. L. W. WHEELER and J. M. BECHER.

(Attitude Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.).	BLACK (Mr. B.).	WHITE (Mr. W.).	BLACK (Mr. B.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. K to B sq	Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. B to K sq	Q to B 5th (ch)
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	18. K to Kt sq	R to K B sq
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	19. B to Q 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	20. B to B 3rd	
6. Kt takes P	K takes Kt		
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
8. B takes P	P takes P		
9. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd		
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th		
11. P to R 5th (ch)	K to R 2nd		
12. Q to K 2nd	Q takes P		
13. R to Q sq	B takes Kt (ch)		
14. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)		
15. B to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 6th (ch)		

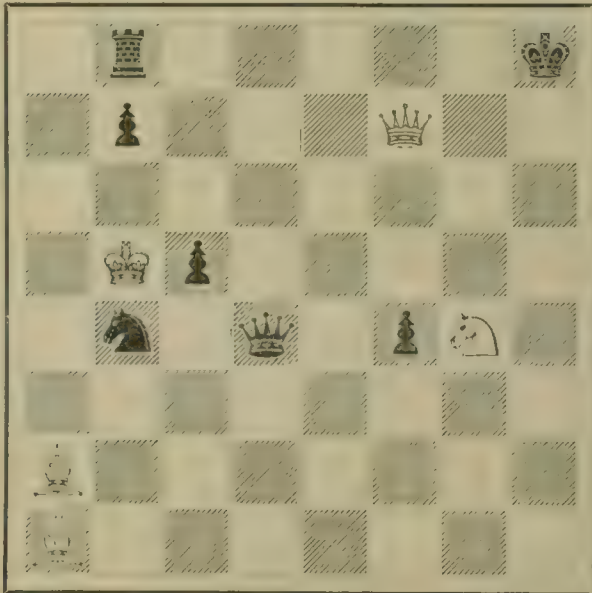
Black's Queen has here a great effect on the game. Off her own bat she not only paralyses the powerful forces against her, but so blocks White's position that all the advantages of attack gained by the opening are lost.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3239.—By ROBIN H. LUGGE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q 7th K to B 3rd  
2. P to B 4th and Q or Kt mates next move.  
If Black play 1. Any other, 2. Q to B 5th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3242.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.





# ALL THE LONDON STAGE HONOURS ITS GREATEST ACTRESS: LIVING PICTURES AT THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE.



Miss Lily Brayton.

Miss Eva Moore.

Miss Nancy Price.

READING ALOUD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. LYS BALDRY.



Miss Sarah Brooke. Miss Gertrude Elliott. Miss Alexandra Carlisle. Miss Rita Jolivet.

Miss Suzanne Sheldon. Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

A WATTEAU PICTURE.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



# A CAST OF TERRYS AT MISS ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE BENEFIT MATINEE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



ELLEN TERRY AND HER KINSFOLK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," ACT I., AT DRURY LANE, JUNE 12.

The names of the representatives of the Terry family (read from left to right) are—(1) Peter Craig (grandson of Miss Ellen Terry); (2) Robin Craig (grandson); (3) Beatrice Terry (niece); (4) Janet Terry Lewis (niece); (5) Phyllis Terry (niece); (6) Geoffrey Morris (nephew); (7) Horace Terry (nephew); (8) Marion Terry (sister); (9) Kate Terry (sister); (10) ELLEN TERRY; (11) Lucy Terry Lewis (niece); (12) Olive Terry (niece); (13) Rosemary Craig (grand-daughter); (14) Fred Terry (brother). Besides those shown, the cast also included Edith Craig (daughter), Minnie Terry (niece), Denis Terry (nephew), George Terry (brother), Charles Terry (brother), Kate Terry Gielgud, and Mabel Terry Lewis. The scenery was designed and the dance arranged by Gordon Craig (son).



ALL THE LONDON STAGE IN LIVING PICTURES TO HONOUR ELLEN TERRY AT DRURY LANE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.

Miss Annie Hughes.



Miss Kate Phillips. Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Miss Daisy Thimm. Miss Lillias Wallegrove.  
**ANNE BOLEYN.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.**  
Miss Jessie Bateman. Miss Julia Neilson. Miss Lettice Fairfax.



Miss Edyth Olive. Miss Dorothy Grimston. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison.  
**THE FOUR MARIES.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY SIR JAMES LINTON, R.I.**  
Mrs. Sam Sothern. Miss Pauline Chase. Miss Winifred Emery.



Miss Margaret Halstan. Miss Muriel Beaumont. Miss Dagmar Wiebe. Miss Valerio Salberg. Miss Mabel Hackney. Miss Sybil Carlisle.  
**THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.—TABLEAU FOUNDED ON ROSSETTI'S POEM.**  
ARRANGED BY MR BYAM SHAW.



Miss Mabel Beardley. Mrs. Tree. Miss Lena Ashwell. Miss Margaret Russel. Miss Hilda Trevelyan.  
**"BEGINNERS FOR THE FIRST ACT" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—TABLEAU ARRANGED**  
BY MR. JAMES PRYDE.



ART AND OUR GREATEST ACTRESS: FAMOUS PORTRAITS OF ELLEN TERRY IN THE COLOURED SOUVENIR OF HER JUBILEE MATINÉE.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA.—BY EDWIN ABBEY, R.A.

MISS ELLEN TERRY (IN CHILDHOOD) AS MAMILLIUS.—BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH (1868).—FROM THE PAINTING

BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN.—BY SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

These most interesting illustrations are reproduced in the Souvenir Programme of the Ellen Terry Jubilee Benefit Matinée, held at Drury Lane Theatre on June 12. The souvenir, which is reproduced in black and white as well as in colour, is now on sale.



## THE DEFENCE OF NATAL AGAINST NATIVE REBELS.



BARBED WIRE AND SANDBAGS.



THE ENTANGLEMENT ROUND THE LAAGER.



NATIVE PRISONERS EMPLOYED TO DIG TRENCHES.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE LAAGER NEAR THE TOWN HALL

### GIRDLED WITH BARBED WIRE: GREYTOWN'S DEFENCES AGAINST BAMBAATA.

At Greytown an impromptu laager has been made by the townspeople. It encloses the Town Hall, the Jail, the Courthouse, the Post Office, and Electric Light Station. The laager is surrounded by a barbed-wire entanglement enclosing a space of from three to four acres. Electric lights have been installed which throw their beams so as to make any attacking force visible, and leave the defenders in comparative darkness. The Kaffirs in one of the photographs are prisoners who were employed to dig trenches. The blowing of a powerful horn at the Electric Light Station was to be the signal for the townspeople to go into laager in case of attack.



### A GALLANT FORCE NOW REPRESSING BAMBAATA: ROYSTON'S HORSE ON THE MARCH.

Royston's Horse, which contains the pick of the Colonial Auxiliary Cavalry, has been fiercely engaged with the Natal rebels. During the heavy fighting on June 3 at N'Kandhla the gallantry of Colonel Royston and his men saved the day. They were highly complimented by General Stephenson.



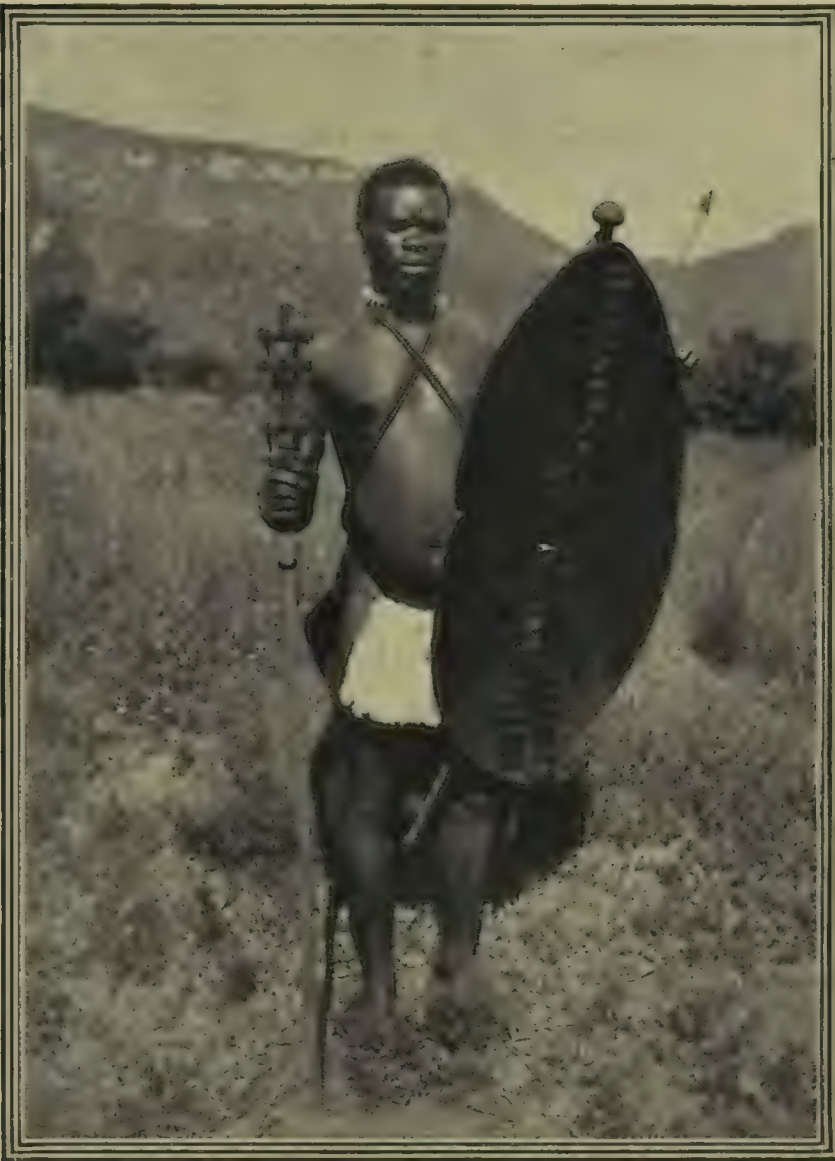
## THE NATAL REBEL AT HOME: TYPES OF BAMBAATA'S WARRIORS.



ZULU ETIQUETTE: PASSING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW (FIRST POSITION).



ZULU ETIQUETTE: PASSING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW (SECOND POSITION).



A NATIVE WARRIOR IN FULL PANOPLY.



THE SOURCE OF COURAGE: A ZULU WITCH-DOCTOR.



NATIVES BUILDING A HUT.



ZULUS AT HOME.

The witch-doctor plays a great part in the warlike preparations of the Zulus. We lately described the strange incantations by which he "doctors" the "impis," thus rendering them, as they fondly believe, proof against British bullets. Great doctoring has been going on recently in the rebel camps in Natal.



## TWO BLUE RIBBONS OF THE TURF FOR SPEARMINT:

THE DERBY-WINNER WINS THE GRAND PRIX.



SPEARMINT (DILLON UP) WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.



AT THE WINNING-POST: SPEARMINT (1). BRISECOEUR (2).



THE COMPETITORS FILING PAST THE GRAND STAND.



WEIGHING-IN FOR THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.



ON THE COURSE DURING THE GRAND PRIX:  
SPECTATORS ON A DRAG.



THE OWNER OF SPEARMINT: MAJOR LODER  
WITH MR. EPHRUSSI.

Spearmint's victory at Longchamp on June 10 was an exceedingly popular event, no winner of the English Derby having been victorious in the Grand Prix since Kisber carried off the double event thirty years ago. Indeed, twenty years have passed since the Grand Prix fell to an English-trained colt, and curiously enough Spearmint is a descendant of the horse that won on that occasion. Major Eustace Loder, who has made no secret of his belief in Spearmint's merits, is to be heartily congratulated.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, TRESCA, AND TOPICAL PRESS.





THE REBEL CHIEF, BAMBAATA, WITH HIS WARRIORS.

Bambaata is proving a tougher nut to crack than was at first expected, and his elusiveness may yet equal that of De Wet. According to the latest news he was in the Quedini Bush. Two hundred of his men have deserted him; but Sigamanda had promised aid with fourteen impis, and has declared that the whole of Zululand and Natal will rise.



## A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

THE supply of "bird books" seems to be endless. Mr. Anthony Collett's "Handbook of British Inland Birds" (Macmillan) owes something to Saunders' well-known "Manual," whose assistance the author acknowledges. But it owes more to the close personal acquaintance with birds and their habits which is betrayed in the remarks on many of the species dealt with. More especially is this intimacy shown in connection with nests and sites. There are passages in the work which indicate thought not less than observation. There is food for reflection, for example, in Mr. Collett's comments upon the nest of the long-tailed tit, which so frequently misapplies the rule of protective resemblance in constructing its beautiful nest; and the information the author furnishes concerning the so-called "cock-nests" of the common wren suggests that the popular theory of the occurrence of these needs further revision. The author is very happy in his choice of similitude at times. Nothing could more accurately describe the appearance of the Whitethroat's newly laid egg than the comparison with that of "a live shrimp on the sandy floor of a pool." There are few things more difficult adequately to describe in print than the songs of birds; and Mr. Collett must be congratulated on the nice discernment with which he hits upon their salient characteristics. If the style of the book leaves something to desire, occasional touches of quiet humour win our ready forgiveness for any literary shortcomings. Mr. Parker's coloured plates of eggs are, for the most part, exceedingly correct.

The interest that Great Britain takes in Japan grows steadily, and men who are prepared to throw fresh light upon national life or character in the far-off Island Empire may rely upon an attentive hearing. Mr. J. Morris, of the Japan Society, is the author of several works of more than average merit, and in his "Makers of Japan," just published by Methuen and Co., he has set out the story of the life and struggles of a score or more of Japan's representative men. When we consider that modern Japan is little more than half a century old, that in the years when the British Corn Laws had already been repealed its rulers were ready to fight to exclude representatives of Western civilisation, it must be clear even to the unthinking that the comparatively bloodless revolution has been directed by men of extraordinary capacity. The author of "Makers of Japan" has collected the life-stories of most of the statesmen responsible for the change. Some, like Count Goto and Fujita Toko, have passed, and many of the others are men of great age, Count Okuma, Field-Marshal Yamagata, Mr. Fukusawa, and others being already in the neighbourhood of their seventieth year, while the famous Admiral Togo is nearly sixty. Most of these men have lived strenuous lives through times of great national excitement, and Mr. Morris has contrived to tell the story of their most interesting achievements clearly and in pleasant fashion, though he does not always resist the temptation to split his infinitives.

Messrs. Greening's two reprints from Swift's literary work happen to belong—one, "A Tale of a Tub," to the genius of his early 'thirties, the other, "Polite Conversations," to those latter years when, Stella dead, the quiet loves and hot hates and generous friendships (for Swift practised friendship as a classic) all went to the making of some of the best humorous verse of a country which had already produced "Hudibras." There is an edition of the Hebrew Prophets from the Temple Press, so gay and light and green as to be strange holding for the old-fashioned person whose earliest connection with them has been one of best black morocco, gilt-edged, and two-columned; and to a devout Swiftian there is something of the same strangeness in the miss of musty leather and that long "s" which gives "wise" a look of "wife." But this is a foible peculiar to the rummager of old book-shops, and it is well to call the attention of the many to such wit and wisdom as Swift's in the best and newest that Fleet Street can give. The "Tale of a Tub," which is, perhaps, the better known of the two, though it may not seem uncharitable to suspect some of getting no further than its inconsequent title, is a bitterer and more searching comment on our national religion than was Mr. Bernard Shaw's at Kensington recently. It is at least amusing to find Mr. Shaw's rather misty outline of coming religious education defined for him some hundred and fifty years back in the second of these volumes, "Polite Conversations." "Lady Smart: 'What religion is he of?' Lord Sparkish: 'Why he is an Anythingarian.' Lady Answerall: 'I believe he has his religion to choose, my Lord.' Neverout scratches his head." Age is more genial than youth, and the "Conversations" is a chatter of the smart set in place of the battle-cries of religious sectarianism. Anstey, loitering in the leafy Mall, or hanging round the tea-tables of these Queen Anne boudoirs, would have found his note-book very similar to Mr. Wagstaff's. And the cynical are left wondering whether Swift's London enjoyed the laugh against themselves with the same gusto as a Haymarket audience chuckles over "The Man from Blankley's." Mr. Blanchamp, who edits these volumes with short but helpful prefaces, is very angry. Mr. Birrell has said: "It is a question, not of morality, but of decency, whether it is becoming to sit in the same room with the works of this divine!" It would have been edifying to hear Swift himself on the subject, but having said that all great thinkers—and Mr. Birrell must allow us to class Swift among them—from the Greeks through Montaigne and Shakspeare downward, exact for themselves the privilege of speaking their thought clearly, and that therefore if Mr. Birrell's modesty is such that it must forego these, the loss is Mr. Birrell's; there is no need for heated defence. Rather, considering Mr. Birrell's forlorn estate, is there call for comfort. And perhaps he may find it in the knowledge that what we treat grossly we hold lightly: Rabelais was the most clean-living of men.

If Mr. Warner has little that is new to tell us in "The M.C.C. in South Africa" (Chapman and Hall), his book is none the less welcome as a straightforward and well-considered record of the events of that disastrous tour. The author makes no excuses for the defeat of the eleven captained by him; he touches lightly on the difficulty of inducing amateurs to give up an entire winter to play cricket abroad; but when the team was finally got together he believed it strong enough to uphold the credit of the Mother Country. That it did not prove so was due simply and solely to the fact that the South African eleven was the better one; no doubt familiarity with climatic conditions and matting wickets was in their favour; but Mr. Warner says frankly, "South Africa was stronger in batting, stronger in bowling, and quite as strong in fielding," compared with the visiting eleven. Cricket in the Colony has made great strides since Lord Hawke's team paid its visit in the winter of 1898-9. In Mr. Warner's judgement it has improved 50 per cent. in the interval, and he opines that South Africa could now play as strong an eleven as any England could put in the field. Incidentally we obtain some vivid glimpses of daily life and travel in South Africa, some interesting notes on the battlefields of the war and on the attitude of the people. The photographs which illustrate the work are not very successful, but that is a minor defect in a book of this character.

Mrs. Lionel Birch's book about Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes (Cassell) shows us that Newlyn, like Norwich and like Barbizon, has its School. The small Cornish fishing-village has figured little in any history except that of English painting; its colony of artists have made it noteworthy above its fellows on the lovely coast upon which it situated. And now when the School has done its work, and its members have scattered, as is their way, it is well that criticism should pause in its endless survey of Bond Street exhibitions and look back on the significance of that group of steadfast workers in the remote little township. Mrs. Lionel Birch in this biographical appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes necessarily treats of the School; for she is writing of its chief master. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, after so many years, is faithful to Newlyn. "I can mind you pentin' down here-along twenty years ago, Mr. Forbes; ain't you tired of it yet?" says a burly fisherman in Mrs. Birch's book. No one who has followed the painter's enthusiastic career, no one who has seen him at work, could doubt the answer. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is not tired of living, nor is he tired of his life's work and interest. "Amusing," is a familiar word from him among his students at the actual school, with a small s, which is repopulating the village since the exodus of the School proper. "Amusing" is the word that describes his interest in every effect of light and shade, of tone, of colour. He has the light-hearted interest in things which may go by the name of amusement, and which, as the students know, makes him an inspiring and useful instructor. Among his own hearty words to them are these—"Learn to draw, learn to grip your subject as a whole in its big lines and masses, learn to see, and then good luck to you!" A volume with two painters as its subject should not be a volume of words only; in Mrs. Birch's book there are no less than forty full-page illustrations, many of them in colour, of the admirable work of husband and of wife.

We are reminded by Mr. Wedmore's "Whistler and Others" (Pitman) that it has been computed that three times as many words have been expended upon Whistler than upon his prototype, and that his name has appeared on thrice as many title-pages as has—but why drag in Velasquez? And yet there is the curious fact that but for the sea of words from which the Spaniard's "Venus" has had her recent rebirth, Whistler has been incomparably more discussed, has had the honour of innumerable more adjectives. His name, coupled with vague others, is Mr. Frederick Wedmore's title to a book of views gleaned among pictures and prints. Mr. Wedmore's words are the expression of his artistic sympathies, and their justification; that is the scope of his volume as indicated by a saying on his title-page. The book is written in a style that suggests Bond Street, conveying the notion of the eminent critic's flittings from one gallery to another. It is the quick English that may be jotted down on the margin of a catalogue, full of parenthesis that is daringly concise in its conclusions. Rather than being a dashing style, it is a style of dashes, and it very well serves the purpose of one who must continually be seeing and deciding, accepting and rejecting, as he passes from one canvas to another. It is, perhaps, because Mr. Wedmore is so concise that he does not penetrate very far into paint-problems, for it is easier to beat the surface with precision and rhythm than to dive into the deep waters and come again to the surface. In a "candid word," which fills the place of preface, Mr. Wedmore recounts the experience of an afternoon among the posters of the halfpenny Press of London: "Bad Beginning" and "Jackson Saves England" seemed to prove to Mr. Wedmore in what mean channels public excitement was running. But is it worth while troubling much concerning the public excitement that is stirred by the halfpenny poster? Mr. Wedmore's view is that these things are otherwise on the Continent, where the artisan who is so fortunate as to be met by Mr. Wedmore has as much intuitive knowledge of artistic things as a whole London boarding-house full of humanity. We must profess ourselves disbelievers in an artisan's subtle understanding of matters that are above his sphere; nor would we have the bricklayer possess Mr. Wedmore's knowledge of picture and etching—it would be a burden to him. He would be laying his bricks askew if he were formulating judgments on Meryon or the philosophy of "still life." Whistler, Goya, Ruskin, Fantin, and Boudin are among the subjects of the most interesting of this volume's essays. In the second edition, which is sure to be soon in request, the spelling of Mr. Rothenstein's name should be revised.

## THE FRENCH TURNER.

BY PARISIAN.

EIGHTY-FIVE years of age, and still able to read without spectacles! This is Ziem, the great French colourist, an example that work, and plenty of it, is the best conservator of the natural forces. Ziem has worked all his life, and worked perpetually—"night and day," as he says. If any man burned with the sacred fire, it is he. Up to five or six years ago he was still working with palette and brush. His very devotion to art brought on an illness that might well have proved fatal. He insisted on painting the lake in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, one cold and foggy day, and the result was a chill which kept him a long time in his bed. Except to his friends, Ziem is unapproachable. The stranger knocks at the strange and rambling house which is the painter's castle, but it is never opened to him. Ziem has been always shy of the world. It has been one of his principles that society takes up too much of his time. "Solitude is necessary," said Ziem to me, "for the artist who would accomplish great things. If he seeks the companionship of others, his energy is dissipated, and his own ideas are likely to be warped by their opinions." Ziem has obtained his wonderful notions of colour by travel. He has travelled everywhere—everywhere, that is, where his artistic instinct led him. Where it did not lead him, there he always refused to go. "I have never gone to America," he said, "because the country is new and not interesting from a point of view of art." He got as far east as Colombo, but he turned back. "The light did not please me," he said; "everything was too *criard*." Twenty years, off and on, has been his connection with Venice. He knows every stick and stone in the "Queen of the Adriatic." Two visits to England are to be counted among his travels. With what affection he speaks of Scotland and the islands of the West! I expressed a preference for the scenery north of the Tweed to that of Switzerland. "Yes, indeed," said the Master, nodding his head in emphatic agreement. "What a beautiful colour are the mountains, and how green is the verdure!" On both occasions of his visit to the land of Burns he stayed in the Island of Arran, at the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, with whom he was on most friendly terms. Holland has been visited and painted by Ziem, who loves well its quietude, its clear atmosphere, and its flat beauty. One of his most celebrated pictures, "The Market at Fez" (included in the collection of his works which he has just given to the town of Paris), was painted during a six weeks' stay in the heart of Morocco. A cruise, too, in the Mediterranean on a yacht which had been lent to the Duke of Hamilton by the Emperor Napoleon III. is one of the pleasurable memories of his early life. The Duke of Hamilton had married the daughter of the Duchess of Bade, herself the cousin and adopted daughter of the great Napoleon and Josephine. The Duke, therefore, by his wife, stood in a sort of cousinly relation to the reigning Emperor.

One word may be interposed of this great gift of Ziem to the town of Paris. It consists of eighty of his finest pictures. They are hung in a special room in the Petit Palais, entitled the "Salle Ziem." This Petit Palais is one of the "glorious vestiges" of the great Exhibition of 1900. It has become a museum of first-rate interest. It houses the Dutuit Collection, which deserves to rank with the Wallace Collection in London, of which, by the way, Paris is very jealous. The Salle Ziem gives a splendid impression of the Ziem manner. Although, as I have said, Ziem has painted the grey atmosphere of Holland, the grouse-moors of Scotland, and even the effects under the northern sky of Russia, it is as a painter of the sun that he will be known in history. I suggested to Ziem that perhaps his ancestors roamed the desert, and that it was from that circumstance that he got his worship of the sun. Ziem laughed. But his name speaks of the Orient—you imagine an Arab, do you not? Ziem's cast of countenance is not Arabian exactly, but it is distinctly foreign. In reality, his origin is Armenian. His father, however, lived in Prussian Poland. In the Napoleonic Wars he was captured and carried a prisoner to France. He was located at Beaune. At the conclusion of the war he became a naturalised Frenchman and married a Burgundy woman. That is how Ziem comes to be half French in his parentage.

Quite as a tiny boy, at the age of seven, Ziem began to paint. He has told me the story of his early beginnings. Having no pocket-money, he was obliged to search for his own colours, thus imitating the child in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." For red he ground up a piece of brick, for yellow he mixed a little clay, for black he employed soot. These primitive materials were fit to express primitive emotions, and his first infantile picture, painted on a piece of cardboard, represented a forest and dead men hanging from the boughs. Thus was Ziem's mind early turned towards art, but he had to battle against his parents' wishes in continuing. As a concession, he was allowed to become an architect at Dijon, but no difficulties turned him from the career he had marked out for himself.

In that wonderful house which he inhabits, and which is so hard of access without the sesame, is one room covered from floor to ceiling with studies in oil. These comprise studies from nature in every clime. There are bits of Venice, a corner of the shipping at Marseilles—if ever a town erects a monument to him it should be the ancient Massilia of the Phœceans—the graceful minarets of a mosque at Constantinople, the haunting face of some Italian type of beauty—I fancy by the Master's way of looking at the portrait that there may be a romance attached—some tree-clad stream in provincial France—a hundred evidences, indeed, of his untiring industry.

As a very young man, when he had barely reached his majority, Ziem had a remarkable compliment paid him by Turner, though he never saw the great English colourist. He called at Ziem's studio during Ziem's absence and bought two of his pictures, at the same time leaving a note to say that he would be pleased to see the young artist in London.



# SAVOY HOTEL

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RIVER VIEW OF SAVOY HOTEL.



VIEW OF THE RIVER THAMES AND WESTMINSTER FROM THE WINDOWS OF

## THE SAVOY HOTEL.

HENRI PRUGER, General Manager.



## MUSIC.

## "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"—"TOSCA"—NIKISCH.

THE revival of "The Flying Dutchman" at Covent Garden will recall to students of Wagner's life and work the extraordinary conditions under which the opera was composed. In the summer of 1840 Wagner submitted a sketch to M. Pillet, of the Paris Opera House, for an opera on the subject of the old legend which Heine had recently brought into prominence. Meyerbeer had given Wagner the introduction, and Pillet, after waiting until the popular composer had left Paris, confiscated the sketch, handed it over to his chorus-master, Deutsch, to whom he had promised a libretto, and sent the author £20. Deutsch spent a year and a half composing his opera, "Le Vaisseau Fantôme," which enjoyed a single performance, while Wagner, living in the solitude of Meudon on Pillet's twenty pounds, wrote the greater part of "Der Fliegende Holländer" in seven weeks. The work has lived for nearly seventy years, and is still flourishing, though some who find their greatest enjoyment in the music-drama that was the ripe product of Wagner's art may resent Wagner's leaning towards Italy and the school of Meyerbeer in this early work. Although the young composer had already commenced to extend the domain of tonality in the bold and decisive fashion that may be noted in some of Senta's music, he had not done much to bring him into conflict with those who believed that nothing in music to which Meyerbeer or Spontini could take exception should be permitted to any composer. "Der Fliegende Holländer" was written to be performed in one act as a dramatic ballad, but the present form, though, perhaps, less acceptable to the purists, is undoubtedly best fitted for the stage. Its earlier reception was a very uncertain one. People were attracted by the beauty, though they complained

that the ending was too sad, and that the music was difficult to sing. Even Spohr found the score immensely difficult and overdone as regards instrumentation, but then Spohr found that "Tannhäuser" contained "several ugly attacks" upon his ears, and complained of "the lack of definite rhythms."

Among those who took part in last week's revival of "The Dutchman" at Covent Garden, Fräulein Destinn

had responded so readily, nor was the singing of quite the fine quality for which we look to the man who is undoubtedly one of the greatest living interpreters of Wagner. In the part of Daland Herr Knupfer created a most favourable impression, and gave further proof that he is one of the most versatile artists at Covent Garden. The German season comes to an end to-night (June 16), when Dr. Richter will preside over another performance of "The Flying Dutchman."

"Tosca" was revived last week. Madame Giachetti made her reappearance in the name-part, and Caruso took the part of Cavaradossi, in which his dramatic and vocal gifts, exercised at their fullest, have excited immense enthusiasm on the Continent and in America. Scotti was Scarpia, and Giliert took the part of Sacristan. "Tosca" does not reveal Puccini at his best, but there is much clever writing scattered about the opera, and the musical climax of the first and second acts is most skilfully reached. With such an interpretation as Saturday's the opera seems to receive a fresh lease of life, and though it may never take a place by the side of "La Bohème" or "Madame Butterfly" in the affections of Covent Garden's patrons, it will always draw a good house when interpreted by artists as finely equipped as those who are singing in it just now.

Herr Nikisch is paying us a brief but welcome visit, and the novelty of his interpretations gives fresh zest to the performance of music that is quite familiar. Perhaps some of the judicious griever when they hear certain very personal interpretations of modern masters' work, but every reading is informed by sound knowledge. If a conductor, having mastered all that Nikisch knows about time and tone-colour, elects to give us renderings that are flamboyant rather than drab, we can but accept them gratefully, with perhaps a little quiet joy that our more daring moods receive the sanction of a high authority.



THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO AND HIS COURT.

Prince Nicholas I. of Montenegro was born in 1841. His eldest daughter married the Grand Duke Peter Nikolaievitch of Russia, his second daughter married the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and his third the King of Italy. His fourth daughter married Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg.

took first place; she gave a reading of Senta's part that was intensely dramatic and exquisitely sung. The force of the legend and the quality of Wagner's interpretation seemed to have inspired a great artist to one of her happiest efforts. Van Rooy, for once, was not at his best. His interpretation seemed to belong to Wagner's later period; it was not conceived in the spirit to which

tations of modern masters' work, but every reading is informed by sound knowledge. If a conductor, having mastered all that Nikisch knows about time and tone-colour, elects to give us renderings that are flamboyant rather than drab, we can but accept them gratefully, with perhaps a little quiet joy that our more daring moods receive the sanction of a high authority.

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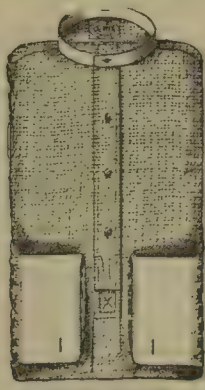
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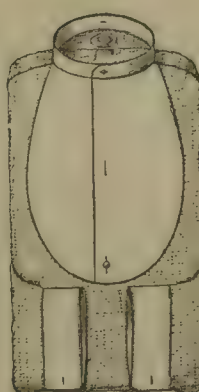
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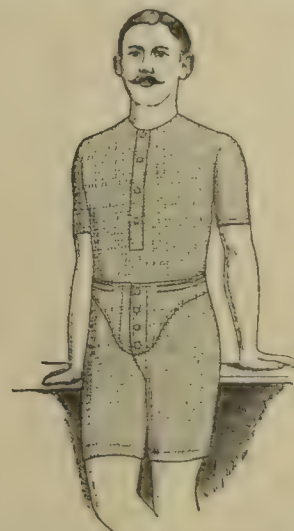
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## LADIES' PAGES.

A BRILLIANT event is the marriage of Lady Mary Hamilton, the richest heiress in Great Britain, to the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose. The highest rank in the Peerage, to which Lady Mary will in due course presumably be elevated by her marriage, would have been hers in her own right had she been of the other sex, since she is the only child of the late Duke of Hamilton. His title passed to a somewhat distant male relative, but the larger portion of his estates he bequeathed to his own daughter for her own life, and to her children should she have any, otherwise the estates will revert to the Hamilton dukedom. Besides her wealth, Lady Mary is an interesting bride because of her good looks, for she has a somewhat stately beauty of the same type as that of the young Queen of Spain. Her maternal grandmother is the Duchess of Devonshire, and the wedding reception therefore was arranged to take place at the famous Piccadilly mansion. Lady Mary's mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, is one of the daughters of the Duchess of Devonshire by her first marriage with the late Duke of Manchester. The two leading bridesmaids, Ladies Mary and Theo Acheson, being the children of Lady Gosford, another of the daughters of "the double Duchess," are thus the bride's first cousins, and the other six fair maidens in attendance are also near relatives of either bride or bridegroom. Their dresses were of ivory mousseline-de-soie with pink belts, and on their heads they wore wreaths of pink roses finished with bows of turquoise-blue velvet. The bridegroom is also an interesting personality; he is through his mother one of the brilliant and ever-pleasant-mannered Sheridan clan, and he has seen a good deal of life at sea, and served his country in the South African War.

The greatest heiress in Germany is about to be married also. She is Fräulein Krupp, the eldest daughter of the famous ironmaster. Her property is said to return her an income of £600,000 per annum, as its gross value is eight millions sterling. She and the English bride are alike in possessing great simplicity of tastes and manners, preferring the country to society and town life; and the German lady, as becomes her national traditions, seems to know no enjoyment more to her liking than the personal direction of her household affairs. Lady Mary Hamilton's bridegroom is just twenty-eight years of age, while Fräulein Krupp's is thirty-six. It probably tends towards the success of a marriage for the bridegroom not to be too young. Judgment, tact, and self-control are not usually sufficiently developed in boys—how different might have been Mary Stuart's life had her second husband not been still in his teens when he was transformed from Lord Henry Darnley to King of Scots! On the other hand, the King and Queen of Spain have an excellent precedent for a hopeful view of the extreme youth on both sides in their match, in the similar years of Queen Victoria and her husband. Our late Queen's Prince Consort was not yet twenty-



A BLACK MUSLIN FROCK.

Quiet elegance distinguishes this little gown, which is of black muslin made up over white, and trimmed with bands of lace insertion between frills of the muslin.

one when he married, and proved a perfect husband. After all, there is no rule in such matters; some minds and characters develop far earlier than others. Extreme youth is always very interesting to friends and onlookers in such cases.

There would have been a warm welcome for King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain in any case on their first visit here as husband and wife, from the general interest in the young royal couple; but sympathy with their recent escape will deepen the feeling, and if they are able to carry out their intention of visiting the Isle of Wight for Cowes Week, they will be most heartily greeted. The young Queen is an excellent sailor, and as interested in the yachting week as might be expected from her residence in the island all through her girlhood. Their Spanish Majesties are expected to come over to Cowes in their yacht, which is really a large and exquisitely fitted vessel.

Truly terrible is the record of human cruelty—too often, alas! cruelty shown by the class which above all others is associated in fancy as well as ordinary experience with the very reverse, mothers—that is given by the report of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Last year the Society dealt with no fewer than 38,000 cases, and lurid pictures were drawn at the annual meeting of the horrors from which many of the children have been rescued. Mere child neglect is bad enough, and this is usually the accompaniment of a drunken parentage. But quite apart from that, it is an awful revelation of the wickedness of many hearts that is given by the Society's report—of sheer delight in cruelty leading to active torture of helpless little ones; and not always are the perpetrators ignorant and low persons. A speaker at the meeting asked if nobody could show the way out of such dark and terrible conditions? One feels that it is unfortunate that such men and women as the Society deals with should have children, while thousands of others who would be devoted and wise parents are childless; but to see what a pity this is does not suggest a remedy. Reform of the divorce laws is in the air; when it materialises or crystallises into fact, possibly one of the new causes admitted to justify a divorce should be cruelty to the children of the marriage, for it is too true that this is not infrequently a vicarious means of tormenting a hated partner. But that change would go but a small way in eradicating from our midst the most hellish of all vices, that of delight in inflicting pain. Meanwhile, this admirable Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as was mentioned by Lord Crewe, needs more liberal public support. Its head offices are in Leicester Square, London.

Now that the sunshine is at last here, the graceful parasols that have been waiting their turn are daily well in evidence in the Park. There is infinite variety, although we have not yet seen here the tiny lace-covered and fringed Second Empire style that some Parisiennes are patronising. Our parasols are still as large as they have been for many years past, but some of them are so fine in texture as to be mere ornamental additions to the costume, and of little use in preserving beauty from the too ardent attentions of the sun. Some of the latest fashions in parasols are made entirely of lace stretched over gold sticks, and through the fine meshes the sun flings flickering shades on the

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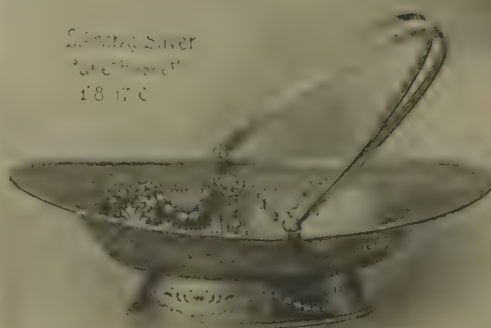
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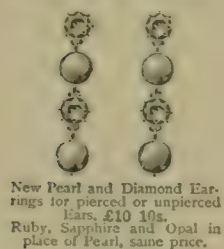
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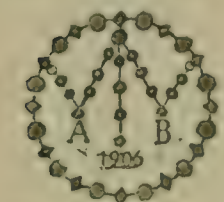
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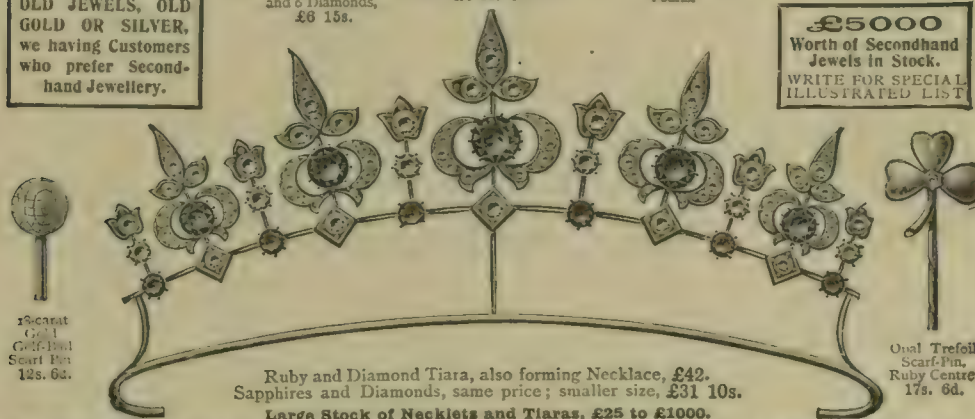
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Isn't it worth infinitely more than the small cost of Williams' Shaving Soap—to always have it smooth and fair—and absolutely safe from irritation and more serious troubles?

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gown and hat, as the so-called sunshade is carried behind the head rather as a frame than as a protection to the face. More practically useful but not strikingly so are those that are first chiffon-covered and then draped over with lace. Many of the chiffon parasols are embroidered finely, some with chenille, some with ribbon work, and others again with minute fringe run all over the surface, or with ruchings of chiffon. There is rather a craze for green in the more solid *en-tout-cas*, and also for tussore lined with green; either of these is exceptionally protective to the complexion, and so a somewhat solid-looking green parasol is frequently carried while driving, even when the toilette otherwise is of the most daintily flimsy description. It is really more sensible to keep such complexion as you possess as fresh as you possibly can by due care than to apply pastes and washes in an attempt, too often fruitless, to regain lost fairness.

This reflection should be borne in mind in choosing a hat for the hot weather. The absurdly tiny and be-tilted hats that are so much in fashion are quite useless for the purpose of shielding the face from the too-ardent rays. Happily, the milliners are bringing forward more shady hats of the useful variety, that will presently be wanted for seaside and country wear. The sailor-hat is being made in more dainty straws than of old, and while it continues to be simply trimmed, just with a band of ribbon and a bow, it is brought into an up-to-date condition by a bandeau covered with ribbon bows being placed under the brim at the back. White Leghorn and Panama straws are also coming to the front. They are bent curiously and becomingly, their crinkles and folds held in place with knots of velvet or tiny clusters of flowers, behind and at the back, but in front the width of the brim is permitted to extend itself over the face, giving a shadow that is artistic and becoming to the eyes and at the same time guarding the complexion from freckles and sunburn. The smart millinery of the actual hour is very eccentric, and, truth to tell, usually not very becoming. The dome crown or other small and rounded shape on the top, with no brim worth mentioning, and huge bandeaux tipping the hat to one side or down over the nose, while some sort of feather ramps above all, is decidedly not becoming to most of us. The millinery of this season, to my thinking, has been a mere illustration of change for the sake of novelty; neither artistic outlines nor becoming characteristics have been considered. No doubt, it is very distinctive, and a last year's hat worn at Ascot would be quite archaic-looking. One result of the wildness of the hats is increased favour for real bonnets, which one sees quite frequently worn now by smart matrons over thirty.

There is one thing that experience has taught me, and that is that a high and long-standing reputation of any business



A WHITE MUSLIN FROCK.

This is a dainty and elegant gown in white silk muslin. It is made with a pinafore bodice over a net and lace vest, and trimmed with lace in a round medallion pattern.

production really means its genuine excellence. It may be possible to force anything that is of a low standard on the public for a time by dint of clever advertising, but inasmuch as the public judges for itself, it soon ceases to be profitable to try to push a poor thing, and so in the long run a great reputation is justified. An excellent illustration of this fact is the famous Pears' Transparent Soap. Its advertising has certainly been triumphant in its cleverness and energy, but the continued success of it is attributable to the genuine and uncommon excellence of the product. Pears' Soap has been in high favour for a full century, and it is the absolute purity of it, and the beneficial effect that it exercises on the skin, that have established it so firmly in favour. It is manufactured by a patent refining process discovered by the original Pears, which process removes the excess of alkali. Then every tablet is put aside for a long time to harden and mature, this rendering it most economical in use, and especially valuable for travellers, as no heat or climate influences its firmness and resisting properties, and with the hardest water it makes a good cleansing lather. I consider that I had personal testimony to its purity and delicacy of effect, for when I was supervising the washing of a little baby, with an exceptionally fine skin, I found that another soap, supposed to be good, always brought the poor little one out in a small, irritating rash; while Pears' soap never produced the least discomfort. It is said to be the best of shaving-soaps, and from this little experience of mine I should have no doubt that the claim is justified. The large tablet at half-a-crown is delicately perfumed with attar of roses; while the small unscented tablet at sixpence is equally good soap.

Amongst the wonders of this marvel-producing age there is nothing more really remarkable than the voice-recording and reproducing accomplished by the gramophone. The perfection reached by the latest form of this famous instrument cannot be imagined by those who have not heard its performances. The Gramophone Company gave a concert the other day at the Savoy Hotel, at which the latest records were heard. The most striking of these are records of the voice of no less a person than the most famous tenor of the day, Signor Caruso, who has sung into the gramophone several of his most successful efforts. The company at this concert also gave their guests the pleasure of hearing duets by Caruso and Scotti, by Madame Eames and Signor de Gorgorza, and by Madame Sembrich and Signor Scotti, in each case with full orchestral accompaniment. The effect is wonderful; every intonation, each trill and shake, all the prolongations of the high notes of the soprano, are reproduced in the most natural manner. There has already been an enormous demand from owners of gramophones for the Caruso records. Who would not be glad to be able to "turn on" a great tenor in a selection from a famous opera at any moment? Well, the means of doing so can be found by sending for a catalogue to the Gramophone Company, 21, City Road, London.

FILOMENA.



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# Pears' Soap



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Moisten the thin remainder of your old cake and place it in the hollow of the new one where it will adhere, thus you will not lose an atom and will see that

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## A PALACE OF FURNISHING.

ON Monday last when Messrs. Waring opened the stately buildings that have been built for them in Oxford Street, the famous West-End thoroughfare was *en fête*. Fashion and beauty gave the approaches to these wonderful new business premises an appearance that is generally associated with a State function, and it is doubtful whether any other house devoted to commerce

customers, whose wants have never been so carefully catered for.

The frontage of the new premises is planned in a series of short arcades, giving the greatest possible space for display, as well as a certain general effect that is quite imposing. Within the building the visitor finds a long series of rooms setting out the treatment of every class of residence, from cottage to mansion. A bungalow can be fitted up in every detail at the cost of £100; a fortune can be spent on a

The new premises are a revelation of the possibilities of up-to-date commercial development. Nothing more complete in the way of business equipment has been seen before in the Old World or the New, and the taste displayed is quite exceptional. There can be no excuse for ill-appointed houses in the future, for everybody who is about to set up an establishment can go to Waring's and realise the best that can be procured in return for the desired outlay. The ordinary business of the firm will be resumed on Monday next, when



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IN MESSRS. WARING'S WONDERFUL NEW PALACE OF ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY.



THE £200 HOUSE: THE DINING ROOM.

has ever made such a sensation as the house of Waring's has created during the present week. Proceedings were inaugurated on Saturday last by a luncheon party, at which the Dean of Norwich traced the growth of the firm of Waring's since they came from Liverpool some ten years ago to establish themselves in London. Since those days they have absorbed several old and well-established houses of repute, their business has attained remarkable dimensions, and now they have built premises that are remarkable as a triumph of architecture, and probably unique in the eyes of

single room; and the result that will be attained is set out quite plainly. Mr. J. S. Waring told his guests on Saturday last that the aim of his establishment is to provide everything that the interior of the home requires, and customers are assured that in the event of dissatisfaction the goods they have purchased can be exchanged or the money returned. During the present week no business is being carried on, but all London has been invited to inspect the rooms, and the attractions of the premises are enhanced by the music of the Scots Guards and Grenadiers, who have been on daily duty.

visitors will be able to purchase the articles they have found most attractive during the present week. Judging by the size of the gatherings and the fact that admission had to be suspended for some little time because the premises, vast as they are, could not accommodate all who wished to enter them, Messrs. Waring's experiment will be a decided success. The firm will have the satisfaction of feeling that in giving London one of its most attractive business places they have acted on sound business principles, and have succeeded in attracting every class of purchaser.

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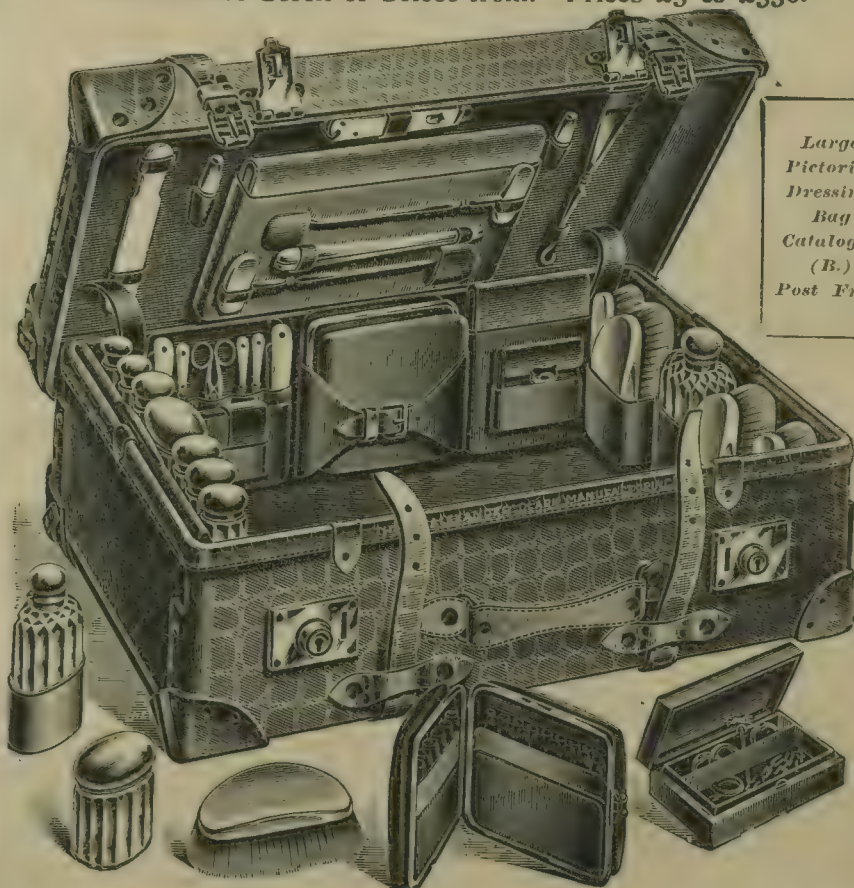
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APPETISER



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE most interesting address at the recent Christian Endeavour Convention at Leeds was given by the Bishop of Ripon. Dr. Boyd Carpenter praised the Christian Endeavour movement as an effort to realise religious principles in the practical affairs of life. Cordial greetings were exchanged between the Bishop and Dr. Francis Clark, founder of the Endeavour movement.

The chief religious event of the present week is the annual Thanksgiving Service for the East London Church Fund at St. Paul's Cathedral, which was to be held on Thursday evening (June 14), with the Bishop of Southwell as preacher. It is hoped that a sum of £21,000 may be raised this year. This is the minimum that is needed, unless the work is to suffer.

Dr. Collins, Bishop of Gibraltar, is visiting Russia, and has held a confirmation at Hughesovka, in the government of Ekaterinoslav, where there is a English colony. The place was named by the Emperor Alexander III. after the English family of Hughes, to whom it owes its foundation. There are many English workmen employed in the large iron-smelting and steel works. They are under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. J. Riddle, M.A., formerly English chaplain at Cronstadt and Archangel.

The Keswick Convention will be held this year from July 22 to 29. Among the principal speakers will be the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, Vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square, who will afterwards proceed to South Africa for the months of August and September.

The late Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, has left £500 to St. Hilda's Community Mission, Tokio, in which she was warmly interested. When visiting Japan, Mrs. Bishop personally inspected the mission, and the present gift carries out a wish expressed on her death-bed. Part of it will be spent on an "Isabella Bishop Library," for the use of the students of St. Hilda's Divinity School.

The officials of the Church Lads' Brigade are preparing for the annual camps, the majority of which are held in the first week of August. Last year nearly ten thousand lads of the Brigade went under canvas, and it is hoped that this year the number will be largely exceeded. Most of the boys pay something towards the cost of travelling, food, and tents, and the arrangements are made with the utmost possible economy. These camps are under the in-



A GUN-TRAIL AS LOOK-OUT POST.

A French officer of Engineers at Fort St. Mihiel, near the German frontier, has devised an ingenious method of fitting a ladder to a gun-trail to serve as a look-out perch, from which artillery fire may be directed.

speciation of such eminent officers as Sir George White, Lord Methuen, and Colonel Hyslop, while



AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S BRACELET REPRODUCED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

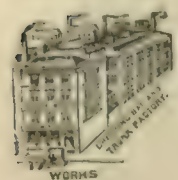
among the visiting Bishops last year were those of Chester, Bath and Wells, St. Albans, and Richmond.

## ARTISTIC JEWELLERY.

THERE is a very special and unique interest about the piece of jewellery that is here illustrated. It is as charming as it is uncommon, as may be imagined when the colouring is added in the mind's eye to the outline—first there are round gold beads, then comes the lovely blue of turquoises, then follow twisted gold tubes, and then more turquoises, two rows of them, separated by pale purple amethyst beads, set one after the other in the manner shown, so that in intrinsic beauty the bracelet is very striking. But this design becomes of fascinating interest when one learns that it is a reproduction of the oldest-known piece of jewellery in the world. The original was designed and worked out in Ancient Egypt nearly five thousand years before our era. What a rebuke to the arrogance of modern times to see this example of the taste and artistic skill that was being exercised in the service of Egyptian Queens at a date long before Greece was heard of; indeed, long before all other recorded history was begun! This bracelet is an exact copy of that found on Queen Teta's mummy; it is reproduced perfectly by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross. The original owner of the ornament was a Queen of the first Egyptian dynasty, whose tombs at Abydos (the Westminster Abbey of the earliest historic Pharaohs) were carefully searched by Professor Petrie. The mummied arm of Queen Teta, on which was the bracelet, had been apparently torn away and hidden by some ancient thief in a hole in the wall; and owing to this circumstance the ornament was preserved quite uninjured. The Association of Diamond Merchants have had it copied exactly from the original, now in the Cairo Museum, to adorn woman to-day, so many thousands of years after. Everybody interested in Egypt will, of course, delight in a replica, for the sake of the interest attaching to the design; but, apart from that, for the sheer charm and uncommon beauty of the bracelet, any lady will value this ornament. It is quite inexpensive, although it contains such a number of real turquoises and amethysts and much finely worked gold: the price is but £7 15s. The same attractive shop displays a very extensive choice in the latest designs in all

sorts of jewellery, from a diamond necklet to a little brooch. Earrings are a speciality, both for pierced and non-pierced ears, and there are some most dainty new designs. As the Association of Diamond Merchants are

the actual manufacturers, there is no double profit, and their goods are remarkably good value for their price in all cases.



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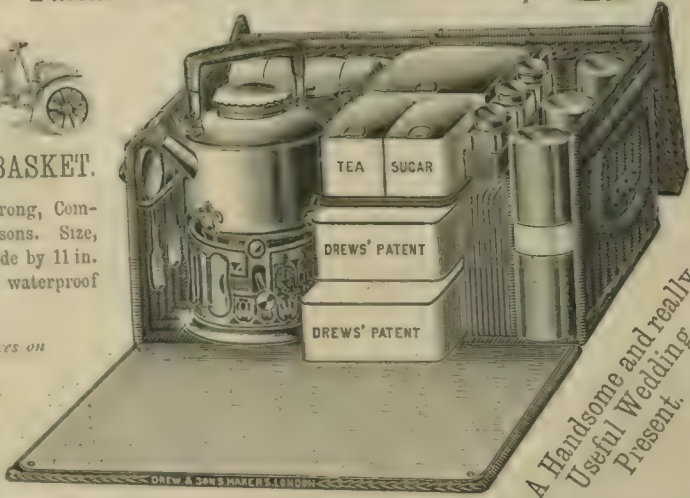
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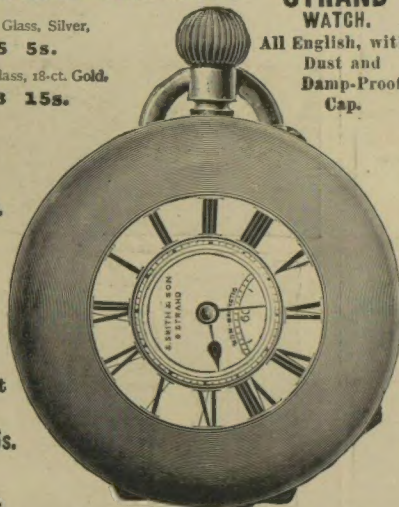
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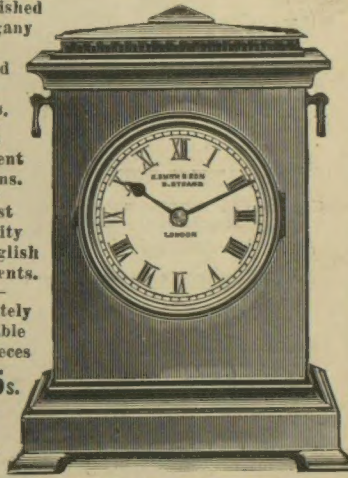
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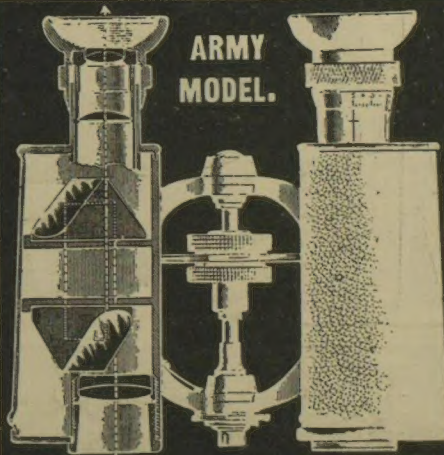
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**H**ITHERTO, during the summer months, no special facilities have been regularly offered to the public for week-end visits to the inland towns in the eastern counties. Progressing with the times, the Great Eastern Railway Company have now decided to include the latter

stations in Scotland, followed by one on July 6, after which the excursions will be continued every Friday during July, August, and September. This is the first year in which the facility has been given weekly.

The charms and attractions of Harrogate as a health-resort, which are not excelled by any Continental Spa, are becoming more and more widely recognised, and the

opened on June 4, has recently been erected for the administration of this treatment.

The P. and O. Company announce a sixteen days' pleasure cruise by their steam-yacht *Vectis*, 6000 tons, to Kiel, Denmark, and Norway, leaving Tilbury on the 20th inst., at fares ranging from fifteen to thirty guineas. This will be followed by two cruises of a month's duration respectively—on July 11 to Spitzbergen, on Aug. 10 to the Baltic and Northern capitals.

The outfit of silver plate and cutlery for the King's Sanatorium has been specially designed and manufactured

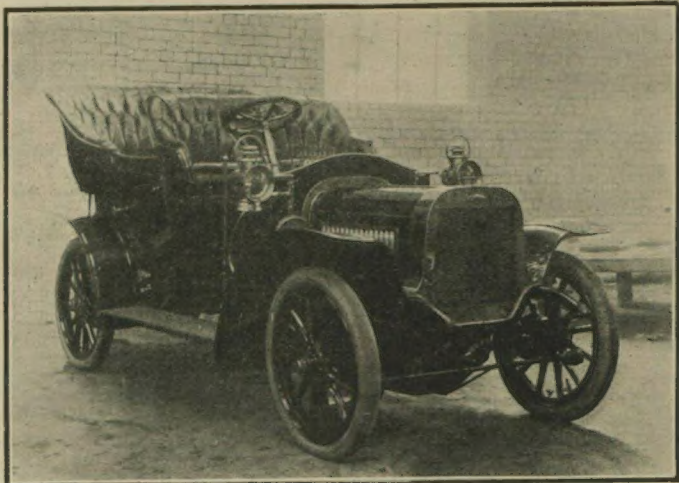


A GOLF CHALLENGE CUP.

The silver challenge cup here illustrated has been made for the Honor Oak and Forest Hill Golf Club. It is presented by Major Edward Coates, M.P. The cup was designed and executed by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, and 125, Fenchurch Street.

in their week-end bookings, and on June 30 they will inaugurate a new arrangement of cheap week-end tickets, issued every Saturday.

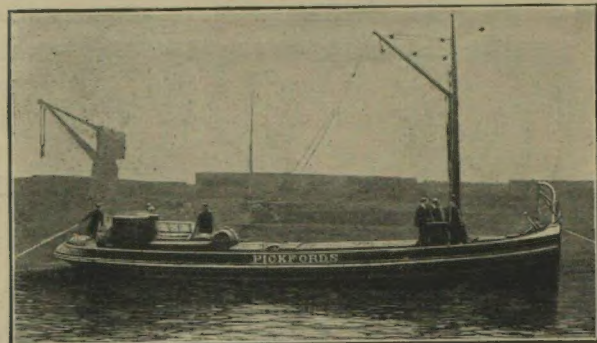
The Great Northern Railway Company announce an excursion on June 22 to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oban, Fort William, Perth, Aberdeen, and numerous other



THE ARGYLL COMPANY'S OWN CAR FOR THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

Although no fewer than five Argyll cars will run in the Scottish Reliability Trials, which started on June 13, only one car is entered by the makers themselves. It is fitted with the new 14-15 horse-power Argyll engine, built at the new factory in Alexandria. It was one of these that Mr. J. A. Bennett recently drove from Glasgow to Manchester on the top gear.

coming season is expected to prove a record one. Great preparations have been made at the Royal and Victoria Baths to meet all requirements. The treatments now number no less than fifty, the latest addition being a treatment of muco-membranous colitis, chronic appendicitis, etc. A handsome new suite of baths,



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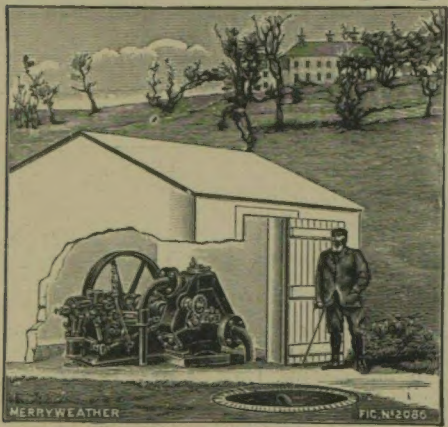
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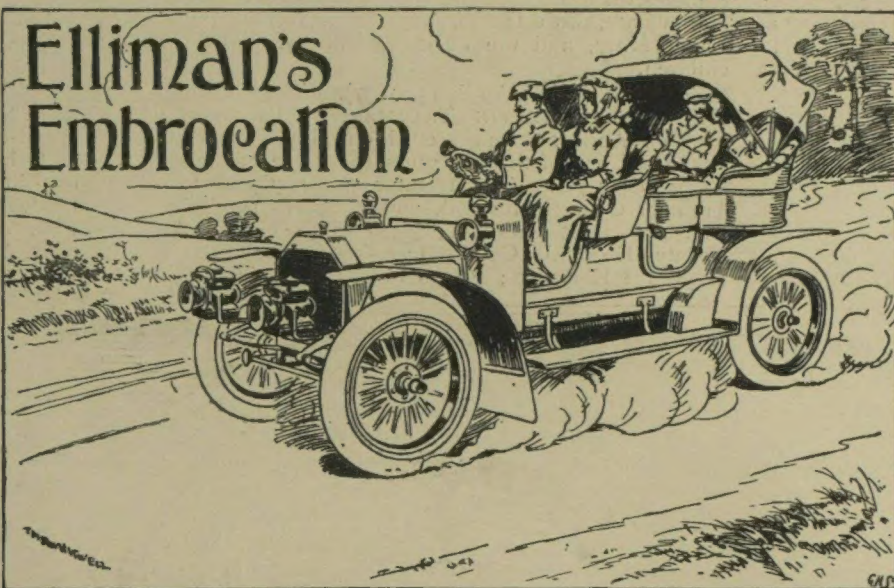
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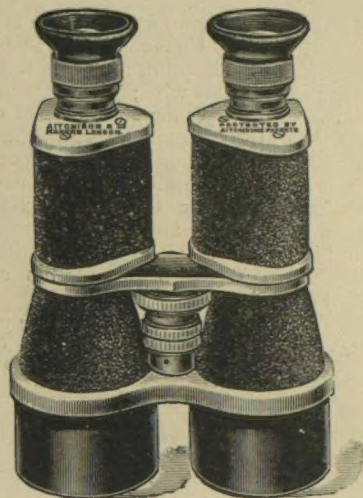
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Sept. 2, 1902) of MR. JOHN GODDARD, of The Elms, Crawley, who died on March 25, was proved on June 1 by John Goddard, the son, Arthur John Finch, and Percy Jennings, the value of the estate being £982,626. The testator gives £1000 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Society; £500 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Crawley Cottage Hospital, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, the North London Hospital, the Brompton Consumption Hospital, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas' Hospital, and the London Hospital; £6000 per annum to his wife; £300 per annum, to be increased in two years to £3000 per annum, to each of his daughters Isabella Maud, Louisa Margaret, and Evelyn Agnes, and on their decease portions of £30,000 are to be raised for their respective families; £3000 each to his sons-in-law, Major Alexander Gordon Maxwell and Edward C. Dennler; £2000 and the advowson of Worth, Sussex, to his son-in-law the Rev. Arthur Bridge; and other legacies. The residue of his estate and effects he settles on his son.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1905) of MR. THOMAS BAYLEY, of Peverel House, The Park, Nottingham, formerly M.P. for the Chesterfield Division of Derbyshire,

who died on March 11, has been proved by Miss Kate Bayley, the sister, Tom Potter, and Gerald Kenway Hibbert, the value of the real and personal property being £93,516. The testator gives his leather business carried on at Giltbrook to his sister; £100 each to Tom Potter and Jesse Hind; and the residue of his property in trust for his children, Muriel Katherine, Hester Theodora, Henry Denis, and Thomas Harold Readett.

The will (dated May 4, 1857) of the REV. THOMAS HASSALL MYNORS, of Weatheroak Hall, King's Norton, who died on March 7, has been proved by Miss Emily Mary Mynors, the daughter, the value of the property being £161,826. The testator gives the Weatheroak Hall estate, with the furniture, etc., to his daughter Emily Mary, and the residue of his property to his children.

The will (dated April 15, 1897), with a codicil, of MR. CHARLES EDWIN TRIMMER, of Farnham, who died on April 28, was proved on May 25 by Ernest Crundwell, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £407,402. The testator gives £3000 to the Trimmer Cottage Hospital, and £2000 to the Trimmer Almshouses, at Farnham; £300 to the Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford; £5000 Stock to Mrs. Katherine Kempson; £1000 to his sister-in-law Mrs.

Elizabeth Trimmer; £500 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Lily Trimmer; £500 to his godson William Charles Trimmer; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his brothers and the issue of any deceased brother.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1898), with a codicil, of MR. THOMAS COOTE, of Oaklands, Fenstanton, who died on March 28, was proved on May 19 by Howard Coote, the son, and Charles Harold Coote, the grandson, the value of the estate amounting to £447,523. The testator gives £500, the household furniture, a policy of insurance for £800, and £1200 per annum to his wife; £5000 each, in trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Ann Fowler, Mrs. Ellen Davies, and Mrs. Sarah Allport; £10,000 each to his grandsons, Charles Harold Coote and Arthur Bernard Coote; £12,500, in trust, for his grand-daughters Hilda and Ethel Coote; £9000, in trust, for his son Thomas; and £10,000, in trust, for his grand-daughter Mary May. The residue of his property he leaves as to two-thirteenths to his son Howard; one-thirteenth to his son Arthur; two-thirteenths each, in trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Fowler, and Mrs. Allport; one-thirteenth each, in trust, for his sons, Albert and Thomas; and two-thirteenths, in trust, for his son Russell.



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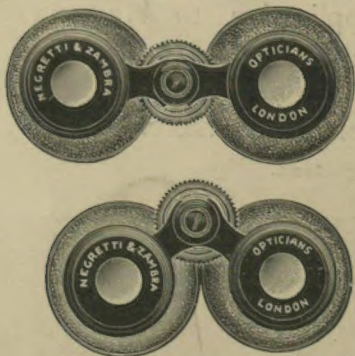
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